THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL OF
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

FOUNDED BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE | Volume LVIII. No. 695. | CHICAGO, MAY 27, 1915. | 10 cts. a copy. $2. a year. | EDITED BY WALDO R. BROWNE

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Published by THE HENRY O. SHEPARD COMPANY, 632 Sherman Street, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. LVIII. MAY 27, 1915 *No. 695*

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THE NEW LITERATURE OF THE OCCULT.

Unlike the moon, with its fixed hemispheres of light and shadow, the orb of humanity rolls restlessly from bright to dark. In the eighteenth century there was a rationalizing daylight that peered into every crevice and cranny of the human mind. The nineteenth century tried to secure this clear certainty for all time by a system of science which pushed the Unknowable aside and set its own outposts on the farthest confines of space. But a change is now upon us. Whether we want it or not, the Occult and the Unknown are rising to dominate our thoughts. As to Hyperion on his glowing throne in Keats's poem, "omens obtruded, images obscure," so flocks of books about the supernatural and the psychic are wheeling into the world to-day. It is pretty sure that these books will influence man's life sooner or later; though indeed, superstition is so rooted in humanity that it needs little encouragement from doctrinal treatises. Crystal-gazing, fortune-telling, palm-reading, astrological predictions, esoteric philosophies,— all are flourishing. Nearly everybody one talks to has had some experience of these things, and admits some touch of faith in them.

The most remarkable fact about the new literature of the Occult is that it has been pioneered or backed up by trained men of science, men whose names stand high in their own specialties. M. Camille Flammarion in France, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge in England, have spoken with no uncertain tones. A dozen or so years ago, M. Flammarion essayed to place the whole subject on a scientific or experimental basis. He cast a huge drag-net and gathered in hundreds of cases of psychic experience,— cases of hallucination, telepathy, transmission of thought, mental suggestion, communication from a distance, astral bodies,— which he presented in his book, "The Unknown." His more recent work, "Mysterious Psychic Forces," deals mainly with Eusapia Palladino. His English compeers have dealt with the subject in scattered reviews, pamphlets, and addresses. A few years ago, Sir William Crookes, in an

address to the English Authors Club, stated unequivocally that "there is no matter."

With the work of these famous scientists may be joined the books of other trained and competent observers. Among the latter are Mr. Henry Holt, whose recent large work "On the Cosmic Relations" essays to envisage the whole subject and to give it a definite terminology; Mr. Hereward Carrington, with his "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism"; and Mr. I. W. Heysinger, with his "Spirit and Matter before the Bar of Science." A book entitled "Death," published two or three years ago, which dealt with all the circumstances of the parting of the body and soul and particularly took a most unpleasant view of our chances for premature burial, is one of the most gruesome works we ever remember reading. And there has been an immense recent crop of ghost stories and records of supernatural happenings,—English, Scotch, and Irish. Andrew Lang alone slew his thousands of bogies. These tales show upon their faces that they are not the unassisted inventions of their writers. They are human documents, and therefore in some measure evidential. But anyone who is at all familiar with lawsuits will have slight respect for the ability of the average human being either to know or to tell the truth about anything.

Allied with these scientific or semi-scientific presentations of the psychic case, there have lately been published a good many books which view the subject in its historic aspects. Highly poetic in form, but substantially based on facts, is Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer's "The Book of Witches." "Werewolves" by Mr. Elliot O'Donnel, "Vampires and Vampirism" by Mr. Dudley Wright, and "The Romance of Sorcery" by Mr. Sax Rohmer exhaust their several subjects. "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large" said Milton, and it seems to us that the new scientific treatment of mysterious psychic forces does not reveal anything which is not in the popular or poetic creations of the past. All the powers apparently possessed by mediums of whatever kind to-day have been in use by thaumaturgists and miracle-workers from the beginning. And as this old magic has a certain poetic glamour, we shall begin with the slightest and most perfunctory sketch of it.

As the fertile land in Egypt is only a fringe to the Nile, an effluence of its waters, so to the ancient dwellers in that country human life seemed to be only something temporarily afloat on the great stream of death. They had their eternal pyramids as tombs for their kings, and their Cities of the Dead as real homes for the people. The Egyptians, indeed, seem to have lived only in order to be buried. At the most, life to them was a butterfly which flutters for a few days, while the mummy was the grub of permanent duration. They embodied their deepest thought in the figure of the Sphinx, half human, half animal. They projected the idea of the Veil which no one has lifted. In India, aside from its religions, mythologies, and philosophies, always changing and always mysterious, there have existed from the beginning vast systems of magic, sorcery, and miracle-working. One, the largest of the Vedas, is made up of spells, incantations, rituals of darkness. The Hindus seem to have considered it quite as necessary to propitiate the demons as the gods. The Soona plant, the plant of intoxication, was worshipped by them; it had its god and most obligatory ritual. The Buddhist system of penance, renunciation, and fasting has helped the Hindus to a clearness of thought, or an hallucination of mind, whichever way one chooses to regard it, which has made their magic memorable. The ancient Persians were wonder-workers and wonder-believers. Babylon had its Magi, Belshazzar his Wise Men, and the rod of Aaron swallowed up the serpents of the Persian priests. The more modern Moslem inhabitants of that part of Asia have been soaked in superstition. The great wings of the Djinns, Efrits, and Genie hover over and rustle through the Arabian Nights, which is a collection of popular tales. To every human being was born a familiar,—to the female a Ginn, to the male a Ginnee; these grew up with the person, and if the latter died young he was supposed to have been killed by his familiar.

The clear and bright Greek mind tried for a time to banish the Occult and Unknown from the circle of humanity. Its work still remains the most sane and purely human the world has known. But there were plenty of shadowy places in Greek life and thought. Dodona with its Sibyls was the central heart of the race; and though we do not know much about the Eleusinian Mysteries, they were probably concerned with the problems of the hereafter. The story of Medea and the novel of "The Golden Ass" show us that witchcraft flourished in its darkest forms in Greece. As for

the Romans, they started in life with a charming outfit of domestic deities, Lares and Lemures, and as they grew in age they accepted anything in the way of superstition that was offered them from abroad. They were eclectic in their choice of tutelary guardians, and willing to give any supernatural power a chance. From the Greeks down to the present time there runs a line of laurelled and sceptred figures,— men who were really daring experimenters in science, but who were popularly accounted dealers in magic. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Apollonius of Tyana, Nostradamus, Roger Bacon, Dr. Dee, and Cagliostro were some of these worshipped and feared and doubted personages. The Middle Ages placed even Virgil among the magicians. Madame Blavatsky is perhaps the most striking recent example of the ability of a wonder-worker to command attention. Both M. Flammarion and Sir William Crookes were more or less impressed by her.

The popular superstitions of the Middle Ages and of more recent times were limited in type but endless in manifestations. The idea of possession by the Evil Spirit or his agents underlies most of them. Wierus made a census of the demons, and counted up 7,405,925 of them. So they were not easy to escape. There is a story of a nun who forgot to say her "benedicite" before she sat down to supper, and who in consequence swallowed a demon concealed in the leaves of lettuce. Heine's idea, possibly following Milton, was that the demons and evil spirits generally were "Gods in Exile." Deposed or degraded with their religions, they wandered about the world taking up what odd jobs they could get or turning their powers upon mankind in revenge. Wieland the smith, for instance, was what was left of the magnificent Thor. Some of the uncanny creatures of the Borderworld, however, must have had a different origin. Vampires and Were-wolves must have been bad from the start. There is a recipe given in one of our books for getting rid of a vampire. With a picture of a saint in your hand you pursue it until you have it cornered in a large bottle. You cork this and throw it on the fire, and that is the end of the vampire. Lycanthropy, hereditary in some families, could be acquired by performing certain rites of Black Magic. The experimenter went to some spot remote from the haunts of man, desert or wood or mountain top, on a night when the moon was new and strong. On a level piece of ground he marked a circle of seven feet in radius. In this he kindled a fire, and placed an iron tripod and an iron pot over it. He boiled water into which he cast handfuls of three of these substances: asafœtida, parsley, opium, burdock, henbane, saffron, aloe, and solanum. Repeating a rhymed charm, he took off his vest and shirt and smeared his chest with the fat of a newly killed cat. He then bound around his loins a wolfskin and kneeling down waited for the advent of the unknown, which when the fire grew dim and cold and terror froze his blood appeared in some monstrous shape, half man and half animal. We are particular to give this formula because it appears to have been the regulation thing, not only for becoming a Were-wolf but for summoning the Master of Evil in almost any predicament. In the last scene of Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story" it is repeated pretty faithfully.

Mr. Hueffer considers the Witch the *femme incomprise* of the world. He follows her through all the irregular routine of her life. One thing is certain — she strikes root more firmly in fact and history than most of the phantasms of superstition. There were women, hordes of them, reputed to be witches, persecuted as witches, burned as witches. Mother Shipton, Mother Redcap, the Witch of Wapping, Mother Demdyke, our old friend Elizabeth Sawyer, immortalized by Ainsworth, the Witch of Edmonton, who furnished Ford and Dekker with a play,— all these were historic characters. Nay, Jeanne d'Arc was burned as a witch. In Sweden there was a mania about witch children: multitudes of them, though watched in their sleep, reported that they had been transported to Blockula, the Northern Brocken.

But let us bid adieu to those dear old days, and turn to the present material times when, as one of our authorities asserts, spiritual manifestations are ninety-eight per cent fraudulent. Others make out a better case for them; but still there is a general opinion that all the modern mediums,— the Davenport brothers, Mr. Home, Lily Dale, Eusapia Palladino, and Mrs. Piper,— whatever powers they may have possessed, were never averse to eking these out by trickery. The range of their manifestations is considerable; but, as we said before, there is nothing very new about them, except where modern appliances have

placed new instruments in their hands. Spirit photography, for instance, could not have been exploited in past times. On the other hand, the "Foltergeist," a thing which rings bells, breaks crockery, and throws objects about, is only Robin Goodfellow come again.

But there is a vast range of psychic experience which does not depend upon mediums, and about which there is gathering a mass of evidence scarcely to be ignored. About the factual truth of hypnotism, mental suggestion, and telepathy there can be no question whatever. Distant communication, levitation, astral appearances, ghosts, are more open to doubt; but there are crowds of honest people who are willing to swear to their reality. Coleridge said that he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them. The present writer has had a few creepy experiences of this kind, but they are too slight and too uncertain to be worth relating. Some other psychic conditions he has known may perhaps be of interest. When a very young man, he put in nearly two years in the South American jungle as one of the managers of a great railroad expedition. He was pretty constantly fever-stricken and almost as constantly starved. He was shot, had to contend with many mutinies, pursue hostile Indians into the forest, and struggle with native creditors. As a result, upon his return home, he was conscious of some queer states of mind. For one thing, the immediate past was blotted out, or could only be recalled by an effort; but in its place was substituted an expedition entirely different and even more striking, which filled his waking mind with the vividness of reality. Another thing was this: he had at that time published nothing; but the feeling was so strong in him that he had not only written but published a large dramatic poem, that he would frequently go over to the bookcase to pick out the volume. Another strong impression was that he possessed the power of levitation,—that he needed only to touch his toes to the ground occasionally to propel himself long distances through the air. He certainly never attempted to put this gift into practice, but the sense that he possessed it was a snug satisfaction to him. Of course these were hallucinations; the writer was temporarily a trifle cracked. But that raises the question as to how far dementia and inspiration are apart. The Indians held that the manifestations of insanity were sacred; and Swedenborg and the mystics generally, to judge by their lucubrations, must have been somewhat of this opinion.

What is the good of it all? As someone in one of the volumes we have mentioned says, "What good is a baby?" That the supernatural cannot be proved may be granted. What *can* be proved? Newton said that gravitation, the attraction between distant bodies, was impossible; and Faraday urged cogent arguments against his own conservation of energy theory. The nebular hypothesis and the atomic theories must probably go to the scrap-heap. If the shadowy impressions of the unknown and the unseen, the belief in immortality, the sense of immaterial presences, are part and parcel of the human mind, as all but universal experience would indicate that they are, then they are as much a part of life as anything else which seems to us to exist. Our crass everyday life of work and play, eating and drinking, dressing and going about, is not permanently satisfying to anyone. Humanity has always revolted against it, and demanded something more "filling." It has built temples, raised banners, created arts, in order to gratify its need for a better and worthier existence. The supernatural is really the initiative of most of these efforts; and the more, in a reasonable way, we work with the supernatural the greater and nobler our arts, religions, and thoughts become.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE SPEECH-ACQUIRING YEARS, with most persons, are limited to the earlier years of their lives, ability to make any appreciable additions to one's vocabulary diminishing rapidly after adolescence. Hence the importance, as a rule, of putting language studies early in the educational course. Some light on the vexed question of the range of words used by normal children, and the growth of their vocabulary, is thrown by a minutely attentive study of his own boy, up to the age of two years, by Professor Thomas Percival Beyer, whose researches, first published in the "Educational Review," now appear in separate pamphlet form. With admirable curbing of parental pride, the writer claims no precocity or other unusual attribute for his child; he simply calls him "an actual child of normal antecedents (no jail-birds or geniuses for four generations back)," and yet at one year of age his vocabulary numbered about twenty sym-

bols, including perhaps ten veritable English words, and five months later this stock had grown to "160 words, most of them English," while at the end of the twenty-fourth month the number was 771. This list is printed. Noteworthy is the increasingly rapid enlargement of the child's vocabulary, and the fact that, like other children, he now, in his third year, shows a decided acceleration of speed in acquiring new words, so that at his next birthday he is likely to command a vocabulary of 2200, and possibly 2500 words. Compare this readiness of word-acquisition with the average college student's sluggishness in the same particular. Commenting on the correlation between thought and language, the writer asks: "Therefore shall it not become a shameful thing and not to be tolerated for college men and women to continue to do business upon the verbal capital inherited from their unconscious childhood, plus a few hundred words absorbed during their imperfectly conscious school-days? Shall the teacher of English not demand some conscious effort to augment the needs of the organ of thought? Tooting on the pipes of infancy continues childish music through adult life. It will be only by adding new avenues of intake and outgo that adult life and thinking can grow into the richness and variety and color that should be the personality." A notable discovery was made by Professor Beyer in the fact that his boy showed an early command of a great variety of vowel and consonant sounds not present in our language, so that selection seemed to play an even more important part than imitation in his speech. This chimes with the results of recent research in child-psychology. Although one suspects baby Beyer to be a rather exceptional infant, he gives us nevertheless matter for useful generalization.

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The first library building for children, and for children only, is Brooklyn's noteworthy contribution to recent library development. Brownsville is the fortunate section of the city to be favored with this useful and already much-used addition to the general library system. For the three months following its opening the children's building was visited by an average of 1,566 juvenile book-borrowers daily; and, further than that, reports the librarian, "the quality of the reading and the admirable order of the children deserve notice far more than do mere figures of use." It is significant that the youngsters, who are from the primary and grammar grades only, make such demands for non-juvenile literature that an ample equipment of "adult" books has been found necessary, and has been provided. A few more items of importance are to be noted. "Up to seven o'clock, daily, this whole library is given over to the circulation of books. From seven to nine P. M. the place changes to a reading and reference library, and all the seats in the beautiful main rooms are filled with reference workers and earnest readers. . . . Another departure of this year has been the opening of a training course for children's librarians. The experience of years in being unable to secure from the library schools enough trained workers for this department has practically forced us into giving our own course of training." Conspicuous in the scheme of things bibliothecal has been the recent rapid increase in consideration enjoyed by the juvenile user of the public library, especially in this country. May the American child, already fairly well imbued with a sense of his own importance, be able to preserve some remnant of bashfulness and modesty under this indulgent treatment!

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A notable essay competition, already referred to by us as instituted by the Carnegie Church Peace Union, and brought to a close with the opening of the current calendar year, has resulted, so far as the highest honors are concerned, in the award of the first prize (one thousand dollars) to Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins, D.D., pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Providence, R. I. Competition for this prize was restricted to pastors of churches in the United States. Three lesser prizes, offered to students in theological seminaries, have been bestowed upon Mr. R. W. Nelson, of Phillips University, East Enid, Oklahoma; Mr. P. V. Blanchard, Andover Theological Seminary; and Mr. R. Niebuhr, Yale School of Religion, Lincoln, Illinois. The ten prizes offered to church members were all won by men, which may cause some surprise in view of woman's pronounced interest in the cause of peace. Some phase of this question, it will be remembered, was the topic on which all competing essayists were to write. Dr. Atkins's essay, entitled "The Causes of War," parts of which have been quoted by the newspaper press, points out some of the notable steps in the progress of the race that he alleges to have been effected through the instrumentality of war, and then seeks to explain why the world at large is to-day so doubtful of the efficacy of pacific measures to accomplish like results. "Evidently," he says in explanation, "because we have failed to see that the solution of any question on the very highest levels is an immensely more difficult and heroic thing than its solution on lower levels. We fight because fighting is easier than

keeping the peace; war is not, as its apologists would tell us, a high and heroic way out of international difficulties; it is the low and cowardly way. It is easier to take arms against a neighboring people than to sit around a council table and work out in wisdom and brotherhood and self-restraint, the questions which the war involves. However we may differ as to the wisdom of turning the other cheek, we must agree that it takes a braver man to turn the other cheek when he does it as a matter of principle than to strike back." A second tournament of pacific essayists under the same auspices, and to close with the end of the year, is now in progress.

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THE PUBLISHER'S RISK IN CHEAP REPRINTS ought not to be lost sight of in contemplating the considerable profits on the most widely circulated of these promoters of popular culture. The lower the price, other things being equal, the larger the sales; but unless there is a clear profit, however small, on each copy sold, the larger the sales the heavier the losses. A certain salesman in a mammoth department store was once asked how it was that his house could afford to sell at a price alleged to be below cost a certain article advertised among its bargains. "Why, you see, we make ourselves whole by selling such an enormous number," was the salesman's glib rejoinder. The shilling copyright novel that seems to have established itself in the English book-trade, can only be produced in its present grade of mechanical excellence on the assurance of large sales, so that untried talent can hardly hope for a chance to appeal to the great public in shilling volumes. The whole cost of production has been, of necessity, reduced to an astonishingly low figure, and a royalty of one penny on each copy sold has to be reckoned in before the dealer's profit can be determined. The latter is said to be as much as fivepence per copy, divided perhaps between the wholesale and the retail handler of the book, so that to one examining the matter the marvel is that so good an article can be manufactured and sold without bankrupting somebody. No wonder there is risk in the operation, and an imperative necessity of large and brisk sales.

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IN MEMORY OF EPHRAIM WILLIAMS, the gallant soldier who served with distinction in King George's War, built Fort Massachusetts, near Williamstown, commanded a Massachusetts regiment in the French and Indian War, lost his life in the battle of Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755, and (his chief claim to immortality) founded at Williamstown the free school which afterward became Williams College,— in memory of this brave soldier, ardent patriot, and true gentleman, some utterances on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth have of late found their way into print and are deserving of note, especially as it has not often been given to an American college to celebrate the bicentennial of its founder. From Professor John H. Hewitt's commemorative address let us quote a sentence or two. "That Colonel Williams was a man of superior native gifts which he had cultivated is evidenced not only by his letters, whose directness and terseness remind one of some of the letters of General Grant written on the field of battle, but also by the list of books mentioned in his will, which books show that he was a man not only of wide reading for that time, but of good literary taste. . . I have sought in vain to find in his letters any expression of malice or ill-feeling toward any to whom, or concerning whom, he was writing. That he was a gentleman, in the widest sense of the term and with all that the word implies, is evident from the following statements of President Fitch, whose words undoubtedly express a reliable tradition: 'His address was easy, and his manner pleasing and conciliating. Affable and facetious, he could make himself agreeable in all companies; and was very generally esteemed, respected, and beloved. His kind and obliging deportment, his generosity and condescension, greatly endeared him to his soldiers. By them he was uncommonly beloved while he lived, and lamented when he died.'"

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A RENOVATED AND ENNOBLED FRENCH PRESS forms the subject of a well-written though somewhat florid article by M. Alfred Capus, member of the French Academy, in the "Revue Hebdomadaire." After reviewing the important part thus far played by French journalism in the present crisis, the writer says, toward the end: "Despite all the blemishes in its history, the press deserves now our full confidence; in these tragic days it has discovered the extent of its influence on opinion and the importance of its rôle during the war. All the phases of the conflict are reflected in its columns, as are all the emotions, all the hopes, of the French soul. It has become more narrowly entwined in the life of the country than it ever was; it has interpreted the sentiments of France, it has faithfully represented France in action; and this collaboration France can never forget." Strengthened and ennobled, affirms M. Capus, will be the French press that emerges from this national struggle, and finally: "On look-

ing back it will perceive the risks that it once incurred, and how, at certain moments, it came near to forfeiting its good name by industrialism and violence; and how, then, it recovered its balance and acquired morality, culture, and poise. The war of 1914 will prove to have been its supreme test. Far from having foundered, it has taken on an incomparable air of dignity. It has bathed itself anew in its true well-spring, and it has seen of what it was capable when it was defending the cause of the Fatherland. Its rôle during the war will have been the glorious prelude to its rôle after the war, when the country will have to be reconstituted and France set back upon the true course of her history."

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A NEW RUSSIAN GENIUS makes his advent in our western world through a series of translations that have been appearing with increasing frequency during the last few years. "Poet Lore" seems to have been among the first to discover the noteworthy quality of Leonid Andreieff's dramatic compositions, for as long ago as 1907 it printed an English version of "To the Stars," and four years later it admitted to its pages "King Hunger." "Anathema" was published in 1910 by the Macmillan Co., "Savva" and "The Life of Man" by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley in 1914, "Karal" and "The Sabine Women" achieved publicity the same year, as also "Love of One's Neighbor," and the Scribners have this year issued "The Black Maskers," "The Life of Man," and "The Sabine Women." Duplications in the foregoing list indicate different translations, and mark also a notable measure of popularity. In due time this new writer may become even better known to our theatre-goers than to our book-readers. Realism seems to be the characteristic of his earlier plays, as also of the stories he wrote when first essaying authorship as a means of support; but idealism, the stuff that dreams are made of, found a place in his art not long afterward. The tragic intensity of the Russian temperament is not wanting in this writer, whose hard life at one time brought him to the verge of suicide. The fact that he has by turns plied the brush of a portrait-painter and carried the green bag of a lawyer, besides acting at times as private tutor, proves the versatility of his talents and helps to quicken our interest in his many-sided personality.

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RETROSPECTS OF A QUARTERLY REVIEWER agreeably fill some pages of one of our current magazines. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge contributes to "The North American Review" a reminiscent sketch of his early connection with that periodical when it was wont to appear only four times a year instead of twelve. It was in 1872, he tells us, that he became, to his great pride and delight, its assistant editor, a position that he held until 1876. After contemplating the vicissitudes this centenarian has passed through, he thus concludes his pleasant memories: "Yet 'The North American Review' survives, more frequent in publication than at the outset, but more vigorous than ever. Best of all, after many wanderings and in these days of haste and hurry, the restoration of the qualities which gave it its old position has been found possible, and the criticism of literature and the purely literary articles have returned to its pages, where they were once thought to be fatal to popularity and to sales. To those who are interested in American literature and letters, this is encouraging in a direction where encouragement is much needed, and should be a matter for congratulation to all who care to see serious subjects seriously and ably treated, whose intellectual appetites are not wholly satisfied by pictures, and who would not have literature forgotten in a great periodical review. It is an especial satisfaction to one who, like myself, has a personal affection for our century-old 'Review,' and who cannot even repeat the name without calling up some happy memories from a past which now seems very distant in this fast-moving if not always improving world."

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MARK TWAIN'S CONTRIBUTION TO BELGIAN RELIEF would have been no stinted one had his life been extended into these soul-harrowing times. That with tongue and pen he would have made some pertinent and memorable utterances concerning Belgium's part in recent history, there can be no doubt; nor would other and more substantial evidence of his attitude have been wanting. What he cannot now do in person his literary executor, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, has attempted in some small measure to do for him by contributing to the recent auction sale of authors' manuscripts in aid of Belgium an unpublished piece of writing from Mr. Clemens's pen entitled "The New War Scare," written in 1898 and covering twenty-nine pages in the author's handwriting. This sale, instituted at Dr. Rossiter Johnson's suggestion, and carried out under the auspices of the Authors' Club in New York, took place on the twentieth of this month at the Anderson Galleries, whose proprietors gave their services, in printing and distributing the catalogue and conducting the sale, as their contribution to the cause, while our Minister at the Hague, himself a member

of the club referred to, took upon himself the distribution of the accruing fund. Long and impressive is the list of authors, American and English, whose manuscripts or other contributions, such as volumes of their works with autograph accompaniments, went to swell this rather remarkable sale. Welcome and considerable as will be the fund placed in Dr. Van Dyke's hands for the relief of suffering, the significance of the event, in its several aspects, is far greater.

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THE CHILDREN'S NEED OF SHAKESPEARE as an educative influence in their formative and impressionable years was wisely emphasized by Miss Ellen Terry in a parting utterance as she embarked for England a short time ago. "As for the Germans," she is quoted as saying, "one must acknowledge that they honor Shakespeare in the best of all possible ways, by the frequent performance of his dramas. I wish England and America would do even more, by building a theatre in his honor. You know, in Germany you can hardly go into a city without finding a performance of one of Shakespeare's plays, while here and in England, of late, 'it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.' And don't you know, I feel that this neglect of Shakespeare is akin to a crime. For what about the children who are growing up now? Are they to know nothing of the work of the greatest master of the English stage? Must they go through their lives without the wonderful inspiration that the beauty and poetry of Shakespeare gave those of us who are older and had the opportunity to see his plays in the formative period of our lives? It is the children I am pleading for when I plead for Shakespeare." But it is possible, in the dearth of Shakespeare performances on the stage, for children to catch something of his magic charm from the printed page, from Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales" if not immediately and in tender years from the plays themselves. One is reminded here of the late Dr. Furness's expression of "measureless content" whenever he heard of young readers being kindled to new zeal for Shakespeare study by any word of his.

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AN ADDITION TO THE EPHEMERAL LITERATURE OF THE WAR is promised in the near future in the form of "a real American newspaper," to be published in New York by certain German-American organizations of that city, and striving to be "absolutely impartial, doing full justice to the German cause." A warrant for the attainment of the latter half of this purpose, if not of the first, may be found in the announcement that Professor Münsterberg will act as head of the publication's advisory board; and another noted scholar and writer of German extraction, Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, an industrial scientist who has written with authority on Germany's economic and industrial condition, will hold the office of president of the publishing association which is to put the new journal into circulation. The number of periodicals which the war has called into being, most of them in Europe, of course, is now beyond counting, as is also the multitude of smaller newspapers and magazines that have been forced by the same agency to suspend publication. The mark of militarism, in its present manifestation, is impressing itself in various unmistakable ways on the world of print, no less than on the world of politics, economics, commerce, agriculture, manufacturing, social intercourse, and in fact nearly every other form of human activity.

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A NOTABLE GIFT TO WILLIAMS COLLEGE LIBRARY is reported. The giver is Mr. Alfred C. Chapin, a graduate of the college in the class of 1869, and already known for his gift of Grace Hall, the beautiful auditorium that adorns the campus. This welcome addition to the library is a collection of rare and valuable old books, chief among them being a perfect copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, a copy concerning which the assertion is made that no other now known to be in existence is in so good a state of preservation. A second folio Shakespeare, likewise in excellent condition; "Poems" by William Cullen Bryant, Cambridge, 1821; first editions of Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophecy," and Milton's "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" — these are a few of the more important items in the collection. The Bryant volume finds a singularly appropriate resting-place (it is too precious to circulate) within the precincts familiar to the poet in his student days, now more than a century ago. By a fortunate coincidence, though there may be a causative relation in it, the college trustees have just voted an extensive addition to the congested library building, one that will provide much additional shelf room for the growing book-collection.

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NEGLECTED CENTENARIES seem to be very much the order of the day in these troubled times. The excellent Anthony Trollope's birth occurred one hundred years ago last month (April 24), but the centennial recurrence of that date caused hardly greater commotion in the world at large than did his first appearance on this mortal scene. Another English nov-

elist of nearly equal fame was the object of similar neglect when his centenary occurred last summer — some weeks, too, before the fatal first of August. Charles Reade is probably better known for a comparatively small amount of good work than Trollope for an unusual number of novels of well-sustained excellence. But neither "The Cloister and the Hearth" nor the Barchester series has proved potent in arousing any considerable centennial enthusiasm over their respective authors. In a few weeks there will fall another and even more important centenary, of a very different character, but for obvious reasons no uniting of the nations in celebration of the event is to be expected, albeit a sort of unpremeditated reproduction of that historic occurrence on the Belgian plain to the south of Brussels, when the eighteenth day of June next comes around, is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

COMMUNICATIONS.

IN PRAISE OF THOMASES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Woodrow Wilson's literary reputation, once a liability, is no longer held against him. If he can explicate the Mexican complication, reduce the cost of living through tariff legislation, not only bust some trusts but subject the great offenders to complete combustion, and secure the approval of the trend of events on the Repeal of Canal Tolls Exemption, Regional Banks, and his refusal to bestow his name on his grandson, the nation may even be willing to forget that he once taught in a Methodist college and later, *miserabile dictu*, in a Presbyterian university. But what right-minded Thomases everywhere can never forgive is that he deliberately conceals the source of his literary inspiration; he repudiates his "Thomas."

This is inexplicable from every point of view — except one which hints darkly of early ambitions for power. Europe never had an important King Thomas. There seems to be a shy, sturdy, independent quality in the name which renders it unfit for either a truckling adventurer or a conquering leader. So our President was willing to accept the hereditary benefactions of his name, so potent in literature; but fearful of its political threat, he has not acknowledged it in public.

It may or may not be regarded as worth noting that America has had just two literary presidents, and they were both christened "Thomas." True, Abraham Lincoln committed to posterity some speeches acknowledged the greatest pieces of oratory in the nineteenth century; but he was not primarily a man of letters. Certain other presidents have committed themselves to paper; but they were not and are not even secondarily men of letters. It cannot be seriously questioned that we have had just two literary presidents, Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Woodrow Wilson. (Why they should both be Democrats I do not at this moment know, though I have no doubt one could in a short time evolve a very good reason.)

Didymus, one of the twelve, the first historical Thomas, and the only one whose Didymic claims have the slightest plausibility, has enjoyed the usual notoriety of the scientific pioneer. But for all that, his doubt has proved of more service to the spread of his Master's good news than has the faith of Peter. The Middle Ages paid him tribute by naming three of its greatest men for him: Thomas Aquinas, scholar, Thomas à Kempis, saint, and Thomas à Becket, soldier-statesman-priest-martyr. What triumvirate of Johns or Williams or Georges in the Middle Ages can compare with these three? Possibly to the extraordinary popularity of the last-named is due the immense harvest of English Thomases that has followed. Do but notice the list, with the particular work or quality of each:

Thomas Occleve —— The Regement of Princes.
Sir Thomas Malory —— Morte d'Arthur.
Thomas More —— Utopia.
Thomas Nash —— Plays.
Thomas Campion —— Songs.
Sir Thomas Browne —— Religio Medici.
Thomas Hobbes —— Leviathan.
Thomas Parnell —— Contentment.
Thomas Percy —— Reliques.
Thomas Gray —— Elegy.
Thomas Chatterton —— Rowley Ballads and a fleeting glimpse of the most startling genius ever known.
Tom Moore —— Songs.
Tom Hood —— Poems and courage.
Thomas De Quincey —— Suspiria de Profundis.
Thomas Babington Macaulay —— Essays and that cursed boon, the balanced sentence.
Thomas Carlyle —— Sartor Resartus, the greatest spiritual dynamic of his century.
Thomas Henry Huxley —— Essays and honesty.
Thomas Arnold —— Rugby.
Thomas Hardy —— The finest novels in English.

Add to this array of services the Summa Theologica of Aquinas, the Imitation of Christ of à Kempis, and the Shrine at Canterbury of à Becket, and I challenge any other name in the scroll to show a commensurable gift to the world.

The poets are not so great; Didymus was not a poet. But what a heaven of prose-men! The nineteenth century, the age of doubt and reconstruction, is very properly the Milky Way for the Thomases. Carlyle and Hardy! There are none to stand above them. America, be it said, shows a difference. Thomas Paine, the keenest of sceptics as well as the stanchest of patriots, and Thomas Jefferson, shrewdly suspected of religious heterodoxy, too strongly favored the original Didymus, and careful American mothers avoided the possibility of contagion. Thomas B. Read, Thomas B. Aldrich, Thomas W. Higginson, and Tom Daly braved the issue, but Woodrow Wilson dodged too late.

A scrutiny of the Blessed is incomplete without a glance at the Damned. (How should one know the Blessed else?) Was there ever a damned Thomas? Was there ever a great villain who bore the name? In this field we feel the lack of a modern Dante. The fact that no Thomas has yet been inducted to the Ananias Club is rather good negative evidence — that is, no one except the President, who has forfeited his right of sanctuary.

A bird's-eye view of history reveals no king or pope who has made the name infamous, and fails to bring to light a single great rogue Thomas. True, a few millionaires stumbled on the name somehow, but even among these there is leaven. One turned traitor to his class a few years ago, and justified his literary heritage in yellow journalism *de luxe*.

Some un-Thomassed person may unkindly say this praise would come more acceptably from himself,— that a Thomas should have more modesty, that he should be ashamed of such conceit, and so on. I am ashamed, but not of my conceit. The obscure author must be the reverse of "cocky," for his facts are a condemnation of himself; the more factual they are, the more condemnatory. This, then, is an exercise in humiliation. But there is a word to be said in simple justice and extenuation. Unlike the President of the United States, who fled his name, the writer sought it in anguish of heart, for in his youth he was called "Percy." Let no thoughtless person gibe or permit himself the careless luxury of persiflage!

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

St. Paul, Minn., May 20, 1915.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GENERATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Even at the risk of being called a Wordsworthian, it may surely not be amiss to protest against Mr. Hale's suggestion, in his article on "The Present Generation" in your issue of May 13, that Wordsworth's message to us of to-day is perhaps negligible. The representatives of the modern movement fuse liberty and law; with them discipline becomes devotion, devotion discipline. But did not Wordsworth say all that, and more, a century ago? Where, in the writings of Kipling, Wells, or Bernard Shaw, do we find anything on the subject rising to the heights of the following stanza from the "Ode to Duty"?

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong."

The novelists and dramatists and poets of to-day are for the most part very, very solemn. They take both themselves and their readers far too seriously. Wordsworth made joy "its own security." Though all else he has written go by the board, if that one ode contains no message for our time the misfortune is ours.

What a boon it must have been merely to be alive in those memorable days of the year 1880, which Mr. Hale pictures so vividly, when men thought only about the mugwump movement and civil service reform! Our generation is so hopelessly bent on doing things and getting them done, and wreaking misfortunes and wrongs for the purpose of finding more things to do and getting them done. No greater calamity could befall our busy age than the discovery that the slums had been cleaned up, that wars were at an end, and that there were no longer any brothers, or nations, crying out for their souls' keepers. No one now thinks of reading Coleridge's "Christabel" through twice; for the joy of the incomplete, the dreamy, the meaningless, is not our joy. We make religion practical, ignoring the splendid opportunities once afforded men for speculating on the vague, the unknowable, and the unknown. It grows monotonous and melancholy, this feigning that all is well. At the best, we are nothing but primitives plus the veneer of civilization, and why blink the fact? In philosophy, too, we are pragmatists: whatever goes as a working principle, goes. Thales, standing on the shores of the Mediterranean and determining on water as the first principle of life, is one of the most poetical figures the world has ever known; but old Thales is forgotten. His thinking was of no use: it was something we could doubt. That is philosophy.

It was Sylvester of Johns Hopkins, brilliant logician and mathematician, lover of poetry and music, who is said to have spent months over a difficult problem, willing to forgo both food and sleep while remonstrating friends pointed out the folly of his unpractical task. He persisted, despite protests. When the problem was solved, all that he is reported to have exclaimed is, "Thank God, it's of no use!" And Sylvester, too, is dead. A. O.

Chicago, May 19, 1915.

WAR POETRY IN GERMANY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

From a recent issue of the "Protestant Weekly Letter," which has come to me from Berlin, I copy *verbatim et punctuatim* the following as of possible interest to the readers of THE DIAL:

"The general uplift brought about by the war and most evident in the sphere of religious thought, finds expression also in a remarkable fact, which may be told in two lines but speaks volumes, more than many a long story: from the declaration of war until into the late fall of 1914 about 1½ million new patriotic songs were written and printed. . . . The unnumerable unprinted poems are not included.

"It is impossible for me to even make an attempt in judging this enormous production of poetry as to its literary value, no one is capable of doing this, nor will any one ever be. The mere fact of this immense quantity may act as a guide in forming an opinion on the mental attitude of Germany's millions during this world-embracing conflict. Side by side with the well-known names of our national poets of the present age stand those of thousands of unknown, whose poetic vein was awakened by the unusual events of this general conflagration. Old and young and extremely young, men and women, farmers and business-men, ulans, artillerists and pioneers, seamen and pilots of air-craft, deaconesses, physicians, students and pupils, army generals and University professors compete with politicians and men of administrative ability. Judging this mass of literature from a purely artistic standpoint, there is no doubt that much of it is murky, although well-meant, and worthless trash; but as a manifestation of the country's soul, it is, taken as a whole, something stirringly great, like a huge phenomenon in nature. The most intensive mental and spiritual life of the nation can only find expression in the pathos of poetry." ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

Sewanee, Tenn., May 17, 1915.

The New Books.

Miss Mitford as a Letter-Writer.*

Elegant ease and abundant leisure amid a charming rural environment, with all conditions favorable for an occasional exercise of her graceful pen, for pleasure only, of course, and never for pecuniary profit — this, or something like it, might be the casual reader's general impression concerning the earthly lot of her who nearly a century ago entertained an applauding public with her delightful sketches of "Our Village." How far from the truth any such impression would be, becomes at once apparent on reviewing the main events of Miss Mitford's toilsome life, and especially so in reading the recent very agreeable volume prepared by Miss Elizabeth Lee and entitled, "Mary Russell Mitford: Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin." Newness to print can be claimed only for the Ruskin letters, which include some to John James Ruskin in addition to those addressed to his more famous son; the other letters named were made public in 1871, in the first volume of Rosa Mackenzie Kettle's "Memoirs and Letters of Charles Boner."

After cheerfully sacrificing the best of her years and far too much of her strength to the support of a father who had squandered his wife's fortune and otherwise proved his unworthiness of the unceasing affection and even adulation lavished upon him by that wife and that daughter, Miss Mitford was still, in the closing decade of her industrious life, in a condition to write the breezy and buoyant letters that are now, with biographical introduction and useful interspersed matter, presented to the reader. For the greater part of these ten years (1845-55) she continued to occupy the tumble-down little cottage that had been the family home since 1820,— "a series of closets," she calls it, "the largest of which may be about eight feet square." But in 1851, after pleading in vain with the landlord for necessary repairs, and when, as she writes, "if we had stayed much longer we should have been buried in the ruins," she removed from Three Mile Cross (for that was the name of "Our Village") to the neighboring village of Swallowfield. It was a wrench, a "heart-tug," to leave the old home so rich in fond associations. "There I had toiled and striven, and tasted as deeply of bitter anxiety, of fear, and of hope, as often falls to the lot of woman," are her pathetic words. "There in the fulness of age, I had lost those whose love had made my home sweet and precious. . . . Friends, many and kind, had come to that bright garden, and that garden room. The list would fill more pages than I have to give. There Mr. Justice Talfourd had brought the delightful gaiety of his brilliant youth, and poor Haydon had talked more vivid pictures than he ever painted. The illustrious of the last century — Mrs. Opie, Jane Porter, Mr. Cary — had mingled there with poets still in their earliest dawn."

Charles Boner made Miss Mitford's acquaintance in 1845, when he was thirty years old and she nearly fifty-eight. He is best remembered now, perhaps, as the introducer of Hans Andersen to English readers, his versions of the ever-popular tales being made from the German, and one volume of these translations bearing a dedication to Miss Mitford, whose writings he had long admired. For six years in his early life Boner was tutor to the artist Constable's two oldest sons, and he wrote the explanatory and descriptive matter accompanying "Constable's English Landscape," besides helping the painter in other ways with his pen. Twenty years of his life he gave to the service of Prince Thurn and Taxis at Ratisbon, as tutor to his children; and, first and last, he made himself an intrepid mountain-climber and skilful chamois-hunter, as might be inferred from his book, "Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria," to which his correspondent at Swallowfield frequently refers. It was the poet Wordsworth who, on receiving a visit from Boner at Rydal Mount, suggested that the young man seek the acquaintance of Miss Mitford, which he was evidently very glad to do; and that the pleasure was not all on one side is proved by the lady's words in a letter of later date: "Mr. Boner is a most accomplished man. He came to me eight or nine years ago from Mr. Wordsworth, and we have been fast friends ever since."

As to the Ruskin friendship, to which the less bulky but perhaps not less valuable portion of the letters now presented is due, it began long before the two correspondents met in 1847. That Miss Mitford was highly pleased with the man from the very first of her acquaintance with his person, in January of that year, need surprise no one familiar with the many published tributes to Ruskin's ingratiating manner and abiding charm. Charles Eliot Norton wrote of him long after Miss Mitford's time, "He still remains one of the most interesting men in the world." She herself, soon after meeting him, wrote to a friend: "Mr. Ruskin was here last week, and

*Mary Russell Mitford. Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. With eight illustrations. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

is certainly the most charming person that I have ever known. . . . He is just what if one had a son one should have dreamt of his turning out, in mind, manner, conversation, everything." Eleven of her letters to the son and two to the father have escaped the ravages of time, and are included in the volume. Recurrent in Miss Mitford's letters are the names of such celebrities of her time, and more often than not of her personal acquaintance, as the Brownings, Miss Martineau, Henry Chorley, Dean Milman, James T. Fields, George Ticknor, Charles Kingsley, Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Somerville, Leigh Hunt, and many others; so that her correspondence constitutes a sort of early Victorian picture gallery of notables and their manners and customs.

Miss Mitford is not new to the world as a letter-writer, since Chorley's edition of "Letters of Mary Russell Mitford," in two volumes, has been accessible to readers for more than forty years, and L'Estrange's biography of her, in three volumes, contains many of her letters, as does also his later work, "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." Nevertheless it is well to have these characteristic utterances of her later years brought together in convenient and attractive form. They show her at her ripest and best as a letter-writer, and though they cannot be expected to raise her to the rank of a Madame de Sévigné in this department of polite literature, they establish her position, if it be not already fixed, in the company of those friendly and, in no malicious sense, gossipy, and wholly pleasing and entertaining correspondents of whom Edward FitzGerald and his friend Fanny Kemble are among the best examples. Of Miss Mitford's manner in letter-writing she herself has something significant to say in one of her last communications to Boner, wherein she alludes to her fondness for epistolary unrestraint, but seems to credit herself with rather more of formality in her copious letters to her "friend abroad" than is actually discoverable in them, though they are less impulsive than those to Ruskin. She says:

"Mrs. Browning, to whom at one time (that is to say, for many years) I used to write two or three times a week, always preferred those letters, written in a far more complete abandonment than anything I should do in the way of autobiography, to any of my writings. Professor Tom Taylor meant (from the same impression) to have inserted all I would have permitted of my letters in Haydon's correspondence, and John Ruskin, to whom I also write with the same *laisser aller*, professes the same opinion. You, to whom I have chiefly written as a sort of English correspondent to a friend abroad, can hardly, perhaps, judge of these frequent and habitual epistles where the pen plays any pranks it chooses."

More than once Miss Mitford makes it plain that she heartily dislikes "the trade of authorship," however willingly she may receive the substantial returns that successful writing brings to her not over-plethoric purse. What she thoroughly enjoyed was gardening and social intercourse and hours of uninterrupted reading in the best authors, preferably French, of her own or a little earlier day. In the single month of January, 1806, she appears to have run through fifty-five volumes, and her speed as a reader must have increased with the maturing of her powers. One of her earlier letters to Boner reveals her lack of enthusiasm for the production of books for others to read. This is the vein in which she writes, with considerable untruth as to the number of her literary friends and acquaintances:

"I have to thank you for your most kind letter, and for your verses, which are full of power; and now you must summon all your indulgence and all your faith in the sincerity of my esteem and my goodwill, and allow me to entreat you to find some better literary agent than my poor self. I live in the country, going rarely, if ever, to London, and then to one house only. I have as few literary friends and acquaintances as is well possible, and of the race of Editors and Journalists I know absolutely nothing. Then if I write to proprietors of magazines, or newspapers, or periodicals of any sort, requesting them to insert a friend's poem, the reply is sure to be that they overflow with poetry, but that they want a prose story from me, and most likely they trump up a story of some previous application, and *dun* with as much authority as if I really owed them the article, and they had paid for it. Now all this is not only supremely disagreeable to me, but makes me a most ineffective and useless mediator for you. You should have a man upon the spot for those things, and not an old woman at a distance, hating the trade of authorship, and keeping as much aloof as possible from all its *tracasseries*."

One extract from the Ruskin correspondence must now be given, and it will show the intimacy, the warmth of affection, and the height of admiration, with which she was wont to address him.

"If I love you all — father, mother, and son — so much better than I seem to have a right to do, calculating only our personal intercourse, and that only with one, remember, dear friends, that it is your own fault. Recollect that for a dozen years or more there has been no benefit so large that you have not conferred it — no attention so little as to be omitted by either. Then to say nothing of books fuller of high and noble thoughts than any that have appeared since the great age of English thinkers over which Milton and Jeremy Taylor

shed their light, and to which Cowley and Izaak Walton lent their sweetness, I have received from both father and son such letters as could only be written by men whose minds and whose lives were filled with kindness and purity and holiness. Yes! I have all the right to love you that such knowledge and an ardent gratitude can give — and you will pardon an intrusion that springs from such a source."

More of the heart than of the head do we have in such letters as this to Ruskin; but both the heart and the head are shown, in the letters as a whole, to be those of a noble and loving woman, a woman unusually endowed both mentally and morally, and one worthy of the wide circle of distinguished friends who delighted to respond to an invitation to the little cottage at Three Mile Cross. The collection of letters telling so pleasantly and informally the story of the writer's closing years, and appropriately illustrated with portraits and views, is a notable contribution to early Victorian literary history.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE EPIC OF FRENCH EXPLORATION IN AMERICA.*

It is seldom that there appears a book on just the plan and with the distinctive character of Mr. John Finley's "The French in the Heart of America." In this country we are not now given to the production of historical works pitched in a key of high eloquence, and persistently maintained at that pitch. The Parkmans and the Bancrofts yield place to the McMasters and the Schoulers; oratorical passion surrenders to impassive literal exactitude. But in the case of the present work, we have a distinct reversion to the older type: Mr. Finley confessedly takes for his model the "Homeric Parkman." The "Epilogue" to this book is actually an essay on "Francis Parkman: The Historian of France in the New World."

The first quality of Mr. Finley's work, then, is the quality of spoken eloquence,— the subtle factitiousness which somehow seems to inhere in the production designed primarily to be heard, rather than read. It must, however, be pointed out that the eloquence here is not the eloquence of Parkman; it is really the eloquence of Finley. And we may well believe that these speeches, here appearing as chapter divisions, were heard by attentive and fascinated ears — "in the Amphithéâtre Richelieu of the Sorbonne, in Paris, and in Lille, Nancy, Lyons, Grenoble, Montpellier, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Poictiers, Rennes, and Caen." Despite the strain which comes from listening to one who habitually speaks in oratorical tones, one feels that the first half of this book is best treated that way; the last half suffers disproportionately. It is not history that the author writes: he has little sense for real continuity and minor detail, the massing of which is so often indispensable for the creation of true historical perspective. He paints with a brush of massive dimensions; the canvas he covers with heroic figures, having length but little breadth or depth. Two qualities, deserving of singular commendation, in this impressionistic personal journal, are these: the author's individual passion for sensing origins through personal examination at the source; and his constitutional devotion to the world of out-of-doors and the sport of exercise, which has carried him, on foot, over the grand routes of the French explorers, the sinuous courses of the forgotten portages, the hidden trails of the extinct *coureurs de bois*.

After giving us, with bright tint and broad stroke, the historical background of the labors of those gallant and persevering Frenchmen, and a suggestion of the permanent survivors of that once dominant civilization, the author has attempted the difficult task of showing the birth, growth, and development of present-day America out of that past, and moulded by it. The subject, we realize, is epic; and, true poet in instinct, the author has given it nothing less than the epic treatment. We feel it to be epic, vast — as the vivid pictures pass us in brilliant array: Jacques Cartier in the dim middle vast of the continent; Champlain, at Quebec, heroically struggling for the permanence of his foothold; the pious Maisonneuve at Montreal; the Christian spirits of Le Caron, Brébeuf, and Garnier, suffering peril, hardship, torture, and death, that the heathen may know God; the winning of Marquette to the "Great Water"; and the ultimate triumph of La Salle. The tone of the book may be caught in the following characteristic passage:

"And, seeing and hearing all this again, we have seen a land as large as all Europe emerge from the unknown at the evocation of pioneers of France, who stood all, or nearly all, sooner or later within three or four kilometres of the very place in which I sit writing these words. Cartier gave to the world the St. Lawrence River as far as the Falls of Lachine; Champlain, his Recollect friars and Jesuit priests and heralds of the woods, added the upper lakes; and Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Tonty, Hennepin, Radisson, Groseilliers, Iberville, Bienville, Le Soeur, La Harpe, the Verendrye — father and sons — and scores of other Frenchmen, many of forgotten names, added the valley of the

*THE FRENCH IN THE HEART OF AMERICA. By John Finley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

river of a hundred thousand streams, from where at the east the French creek begins a few miles from Lake Erie to flow toward the Ohio, even to the sources of the Missouri in the snows of the Rockies —'the most magnificent dwelling-place,' again to recall De Tocqueville, 'prepared by God for man's abode; the valley destined to give the world a field for a new experiment in democracy and to become the heart of America.'"

The indifference to exactitude which the book seems to betray is particularly marked in the case of Mr. Finley's allusions to the explorer whose name he bears. As if it were unimpeachable, he quotes the following passage from "The Western World":

"That delightful country [Kentucky] from time immemorial had been the resort of wild beasts and of men only less savage, when in the year 1767 it was visited by John Finley and a few wandering white men from the British colony of North Carolina, allured by the love of hunting and the desire of barter with the Indians. The distance of this country from populous parts of the colonies, almost continuous wars, and the claims of the French had prevented all attempts at exploration."

The author says that "he seized upon this"; but care for accuracy might well have restrained him from being so precipitate. John Finley, the explorer, visited Kentucky as early as 1752, despite the figure given by the untrustworthy and fanciful Filson. On this visit he was assuredly not accompanied by "wandering white men from the British colony of North Carolina." There is documentary evidence to show that John Finley sailed down the Ohio, and later, no doubt, the Mississippi; but we have no means of knowing where he stopped. It is highly probable that he stopped in the land visited fifteen years before,—especially in view of the fact that only two years later he was piloting his comrade-in-arms of the Braddock campaign, Daniel Boone, from the valley of the Yadkin (Holman's Ford) through Cumberland Gap to the heart of Kentucky. It was on this trip, in 1769, that Finley was accompanied by "a few wandering white men from the British colony of North Carolina." These white men, five of them, with Finley as guide making the sixth, were not mere purposeless wanderers into a trackless wilderness. They were sent on their journey of exploration by Colonel Richard Henderson, colonial judge, in behalf of the famous land company afterwards entitled the Transylvania Company.

The absence of illustrations is a source of great regret. The interest of the original articles in "Scribner's Magazine" was wonderfully enhanced by an admirably chosen collection of pictures. A limited edition, with illustrations, should certainly be published.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.*

Ernest Renan a short time before his death expressed regret that he should not live to see the unfolding of the multiform personality of William II., then the "young Kaiser." In the last quarter of a century we have been privileged to behold what Renan has missed. Considered as a spectacle of life it has been worth while. Emperor William has been the most influential, the most discussed, and in some ways the most interesting character in the world. This interest is of course due in great part to his position, but it is also to a considerable extent inherent in his personality. Until the record is closed any judgment passed upon him must necessarily be provisional. As matters stand now, consistency is the last quality that can be attributed to him. There are contradictions in his character and career that cannot be resolved,—high seriousness of purpose coupled with vanity and almost childish love of show, atavistic assertion of divine rights joined to a twentieth century modernity, the attitudes of a war-lord glorying in the "mailed fist" and "shining armor" (his own phrases) along with the pose of the sovereign "who kept the peace of Europe." The one thing which may be asserted of him without qualification is that he has always developed his restless activity in the public gaze. Unlike his royal cousin, George of England, he is a monarch in love with his job. His speeches, of which he has delivered upwards of a thousand, for the most part on military occasions, are in themselves evidence enough of his superabundant vitality and his determination to assert his own views, while the clear, terse, and at times eloquent style of these utterances testifies to an awakened intelligence and a sense of form, whatever one's verdict on the substance may be.

Any attempt to read the riddle of the Kaiser's character without some historical guide is bound to be hopeless. As evidence we may take the little volume, "My Ideas and Ideals," in which several hundred utterances of the Kaiser are juxtaposed roughly according to subject, but without context or explanation and apparently also without chronological order. The result is simply bewildering, and leads nowhere. Professor Christian Gauss of

* MY IDEAS AND IDEALS. Words of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS SHOWN IN HIS PUBLIC UTTERANCES. By Christian Gauss. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE KAISER. A Book about the Most Interesting Man in Europe. By Asa Don Dickinson. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE KAISER, 1859-1914. By Stanley Shaw. New edition. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MEMORIES OF THE KAISER'S COURT. By Anne Topham. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Princeton, on the other hand, has performed a useful service by arranging some of the most striking speeches under various headings, and by giving the setting and the necessary historical background in each case. It is possible by means of his book to follow certain lines of the imperial policy with fairly satisfactory clearness. The compiler's attitude, it should be added, seems to be thoroughly neutral.

The handsome book entitled "The Kaiser" by Mr. Asa Don Dickinson contains numerous illustrations, and the text, though of a sketchy nature, is interspersed with much shrewd comment. A few slight mistakes should be corrected in another edition: the date of the founding of German South West Africa is wrongly given (p. 68), the "Daily Telegraph" interview appears as the "Daily Mail" interview (p. 52), and the "November storm" is stated as occurring in 1909 instead of 1908 (p. 161).

The personal character of the Emperor as it is revealed in his domestic life is sympathetically described in "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" by Miss Anne Topham, who was for some years English governess to the Princess Victoria Louise. Though her sprightly, gossipy book is mainly devoted to the general life of the court, it gives many entertaining glimpses of the Emperor as he appears in his intimate circle,— frank, generous, open-hearted, and with a love of raillery if not a genuine sense of humor. It is also an ultra-masculine figure, after the German fashion, that is shown here. The following observation of the author deserves to be quoted because it discloses something characteristic:

> "He can explain everything to everybody; but there is one exception — the suffragettes. He has never been able to explain them. They baffle him entirely. At first he thought they were just disappointed spinsters, but in view of the number of married women in their ranks he was obliged to abandon this idea. Since then he has been groping in vain after a satisfactory solution. . . It is of no use to explain to His Majesty the difference between militant and non-militant suffragists. . . 'Women should stay at home and look after their children,' is his last word on the subject."

But indeed, as Miss Topham remarks, the Emperor has for English politics — as apart from English life, which he loves — a perplexed and irritated wonderment and contempt.

The ablest discussion of the Emperor's policies and the results they have achieved is to be found in the volume by Dr. Stanley Shaw of Trinity College, Dublin. This short book was written before the war, and can certainly not be accused of an unfavorable bias. Unfortunately a new chapter "by another hand," which has been added since the outbreak of hostilities, is much inferior in both ability and temper. Dr. Shaw has built his book mainly out of the recorded deeds and utterances of William II., but he has buttressed it liberally from the memoirs of Bismarck, Hohenlohe, and Bülow. Doubtless the historian of the future will have to use much further material; for the present these sources must suffice.

In order to explain the persistent enigma of the Emperor's personality and career, must we have recourse to the rather desperate hypothesis of paranoia, or of some kindred mental derangement? Some alienists have pointed out as evidence his over-weening self-esteem, his belief in his divine mission, his impulsiveness and incalculability, noting at the same time that certain physical stigmata are not lacking. That is also the burden of a recent poem by Verhaeren, who sees in the devastation of Belgium the work of a madman. Let us attempt a simpler and more natural explanation. Much will be made clear if we assume that the Kaiser is compounded of two natures, one modern and materialistic, the other mediæval and idealistic. William II. is modern only as far as the external world and the things of the senses are concerned. As a child of his time he has appreciated from the outset the fact that he is cast in an age of commerce and industry, of rapid transit and invention. He has gloried in the marvellous expansion of Germany's trade, in her triumphant industrial progress, in the formidable growth of army and navy. This is the William who has practised *Machtpolitik*, cultivated the Krupps, and extolled Count Zeppelin as the greatest German of the twentieth century. But in the things of the intellect and the spirit, in ideas and ideals, he is faithful to his inheritance, and remains a romanticist and even a mediævalist. This is pre-eminently true of his religion, the sincerity of which seems beyond cavil. He looks upon himself almost as a high priest; the name of God is constantly upon his lips,— recently, because of the incongruous circumstances, to a positively offensive degree. But his God is "our great Ally," a German tribal deity, a sort of magnified and non-natural Hohenzollern. Of that modern Christianity which finds its highest expression in the Sermon on the Mount he has little appreciation, even though in a memorable speech he has referred to Jesus as "the most personal of all personalities." As in religion, so too in politics he has missed the spirit of the age, and his total failure even to comprehend the meaning of democracy will, unless the wheel of time is somehow miraculously reversed, indubitably

wreck his ultimate reputation as a statesman. The claim to divine right, which was for a time regarded as an exuberant touch of youthful rhetoric, was unequivocally repeated at Königsberg in 1910, and, according to current reports, was even more glaringly asserted at the outbreak of the present war. All this is not to say that he has been without solicitude for the common people. But he has never advanced a particle beyond the paternalistic conception of a government from the top down, handing out favors with disciplinary care to a docile and unambitious proletariat. "Leave the Socialists to me," he said to Bismarck very early in his reign, and attempted to win them by kindly admonitions. When they refused to respond to blandishments, he became exasperated and denounced them as traitors and enemies of religion. The result of this mingling of conciliation and abuse has been the growth of the Social-Democratic vote to the portentous total of four and a quarter millions. A similar lack of understanding has marked the imperial treatment of Alsatians and Poles in their struggle for autonomy. That aspiration for liberty which is so irrepressible in the modern breast finds but scant recognition in the constitution of Germany, and none at all from William II.

In like manner he has failed to appreciate the modern spirit in literature and the arts. Writers like Ganghofer and the egregious Lauff have been taken to his bosom, while Hauptmann has been neglected or snubbed. The mortuary Siegesallee in Berlin represents what his patronage of sculpture has evoked.

Since the Kaiser dropped the old pilot in 1890, he has virtually been his own chancellor. The government has followed the lines of policy laid down by him. At most a more forceful chancellor like Bülow ventured once or twice to check his imperial master, but generally his ministers have been as acquiescent as the dull and pedantic Bethmann-Hollweg. It may be profitable to inquire for a moment whither the "new course" has led Germany. Bismarck's policy had been purely continental, and had aimed at making Germany secure and dominant in Europe. The policy of Germany under the Kaiser's personal rule has been, briefly, to establish a new world-power. Viewed from almost any angle, the result is not brilliant. It is an unescapable fact that whereas in 1890 Germany had only one enemy in Europe — France, in July of 1914 she could count upon only one sure friend — Austria. Beyond a doubt, indiscretions like the Kruger telegram and hob-nailed diplomacy such as precipitated the two Morocco crises account for much of this estrangement. But the outcome was really almost inevitable. It is Germany's tragedy to have entered late into the race for empire and to have found the earth pre-empted. The alternative to reaching out and running foul of her neighbors would have been to cultivate contentment at home. Which was the part of wisdom? In view of the present cataclysm, from which Germany can at best only emerge with even honors, the answer is scarcely doubtful.

There remains the most interesting question of all. The Kaiser won the admiration of the pacifists because of the indisputable fact that for twenty-six years he kept the peace of Europe, often against strong pressure from within, and frequently proclaimed that to be his unswerving aim. But, up to the summer of 1914, did the net influence of William II. make for peace or war? It is here, as Mr. Dickinson points out, that the small cool voice of common-sense reasserts itself. During those years the Kaiser was sponsor for the navy, he was supreme representative of the army, in whose uniforms he almost invariably appeared and whose dominance within Germany he constantly maintained; he was the author of the most famous winged words of militarism, and the living embodiment of the doctrine *si vis pacem, para bellum*, the sophistry of which now seems manifest to everybody. Such is the Hohenzollern tradition; the fighting spirit was in his blood, even though for prudential reasons he long refrained from war. When we come to the present crisis, matters appear even worse. The issue of Europe's peace or war lay in his hands last July, and deliberately or reluctantly he chose war. A hint from him would have restrained his Austrian ally, a nod would have brought about the conference which Sir Edward Grey suggested,— and he could have had it virtually on his own conditions of time and place, and hence without loss of dignity. Taking advantage of a favorable international conjuncture, he insisted upon pushing through his Balkan programme at all hazards; and so precipitately did his government press matters, so heedless was it of ordinary diplomatic manœuvering, that it cannot now even make a decent pretence of having tried to avoid war. It may be, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Dr. David Starr Jordan, and other pacifists have surmised, that when the Kaiser returned from Norway last July matters had already got almost beyond control and that in the end his hand was virtually forced by the military clique. Or it may be that he himself had gradually been won over to the view that war was inevitable and now realized that the opportune moment for Germany had finally come. This is the

view elaborated in the French Yellow Papers, and recently reaffirmed by Lord Haldane. Proof is lacking at present, but some color of plausibility is lent by such considerations as the popular resentment in Germany against the government for its humiliating backdown in 1911, the taunts of the nationalistic press, the stings of that gadfly among German journalists, Maximilian Harden, and most of all the ever-present pressure from the chiefs of the General Staff by whom the Kaiser is constantly surrounded. But in either case the difference of responsibility is only one of degree. William II. will go down in history as the aggressor in the greatest war the world has ever seen. Yet, barring a supreme disaster, it is hardly likely that he will have many pangs of remorse. A chronic optimist by temperament, panoplied in his sense of divine guidance, he has always been proof against self-reproach. Scapegoats will be found,— there are signs already that certain men are predestined victims. Chastened in mood the Emperor may be, and probably the soul-solitude brought by advancing years will increase upon him greatly; but, unless he forgoes his nature utterly, he will to the end manifest his tireless activity, ever ready, in the words of one of his favorite poems,

"to fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' work of distance run."

W. K. Stewart.

The Cosmic Soul.*

Mr. Holt's book on the Cosmic Relations is an attempt to justify the ways of "spirits" to men. The author is, however, under no illusion as to the weight of his evidence, or as to the probability-coefficient attaching to his hypothesis of a Cosmic Soul. "I cannot envy the man," he insists, "who can write on these vague subjects without painfully mistrusting himself." Mr. Holt's method of presentation has left him, he assures us, "absolutely untrammeled by any theory, except what has grown up during the work itself." Hence he claims for his results no finality. "Many of the facts presented are very nebulous, and the guesses are naturally more nebulous still." His hypothesis "admits no affiliation with the famous masses of guesswork which announce themselves as established truth." Consequently, "I don't propose to go to the stake for it, or send anybody else for denying it."

What, then, are the facts which necessitate so apologetically expounded an hypothesis, and what is that hypothesis? The facts are a mass of reports on "psychic phenomena": telepathy, dreams, levitation, controls, spirits, mediums — and the inevitable and indefatigable Mrs. Piper. Under the challenging captions of "telekinesis," "autokinesis," "psychokinesis," and "telepsychosis," Mr. Holt presents an array of data discouraging in its minuteness. If the 750 pages of "evidence" are meant to convince, compression as well as suppression would have served our author's purpose much more efficaciously.

Mr. Holt, to be sure, *is* convinced — convinced of Immortality and of a Cosmic Soul. He invites us to examine "a vast mass of profoundly interesting phenomena . . which cannot be accounted for by any form of telepathy or any cause justified by experience. On the surface, the phenomena are ostensibly caused by human intelligences surviving death. Reject that cause," we are disconsolately warned, "and (*pace* Drs. Tanner and Hall) there is no other in sight." The "whole thing," furthermore, "readily comes under the hypothesis of the Cosmic Soul — of ideas and impressions of all sorts floating about the universe — picked up in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of combinations, and remodeled into all sorts of new combinations." We must, accordingly, posit "back of all phenomena the Cosmic Soul, which is sometimes called God, which generates and includes and manifests and intercommunicates all personalities that are, or have been, or are to be, and which, with them, dies not." Thus Mr. Holt, scientist of the Metapsychical.

When we turn, however, from Mr. Holt's science to his comments and annotations which punctuate the multifold array of "facts," — to his gentle humor and still gentler skepticism, to his light humanistic by-the-ways on general ethics, sex-morality, and happiness, interspersed with delightful gibes at current convention, not excluding his chatty and personal hints for a latter-day "mediumistically" demonstrated Theodicy,— we are inclined to the belief that we shall discover the major value of the book not in its elucidation of one more hypothetical Universal All-including Soul, not in its pathetic albeit manfully sustained desire to establish the Newer Immortality, but rather in its human, supremely human, quality of "Apologia pro Optimismo Meo."

Optimism — romantic, mystic, rhapsodic — alternates irrepressibly with pagefuls of argumentation. "I cannot remember," writes Mr. Holt, "when I did not have the rudiments [of the Cosmic Consciousness] before great scenery and great music, and it culminated in me ten years before the usual period. . . It came with

*On the Cosmic Relations. By Henry Holt. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

the blaze of light, but the light was from the natural sunset." And to Mr. Holt, poet of the Cosmic Relations, "the powers of mystery are lovely as well as awful. The mists and mountains and dark shadows opposite me as I write, are both. I do not read their meaning, as I read the meaning of $a^2 + 2ab + b^2$, but they lift and expand and deepen the soul as do no meanings that I *can* read; and while they raise the most terrible questions, they answer them with: 'Peace! Wait! Work! Earn the rest that you feel is in Us! All will be well!'"

"Perchance," concedes the less romantic reader, "all *will* be well. Yes, 'tis very pretty rhapsody, but — is it science?" And this same matter-of-fact reader, deeply appreciative as he is of the utter lack of dogmatism on the part of the author in the exposition of his tentative hypothesis, fully recognizing the spirit not only of caution but even of skepticism pervading the work, is still haunted by a suspicion, even a conviction, that not all *is* well — if not demonstrably with the Universe, at least with the scientific procedure of Mr. Holt. "On seeing the MS. (or rather TS.) of this chapter," Mr. Holt confidingly relates, "my friend . . asks whether . . I do not, in treating them [certain controls] in a spirit of levity, show less confidence in the . . controls than I really feel. I wish somebody would tell me how much I really feel. And if he tells me on Sunday, I wish he would tell me again at the end of the week. Sometimes I feel a good deal, and sometimes I don't." This sounds perilously near to Spinoza's apocryphal little speech to his God: "Entre nous, je crois que vous n'existez pas."

Of the precariousness of his position, Mr. Holt is all too well aware; his insistence on the plausibility of his solution of the problems of spiritism and immortality is politeness itself. Lest, however, his scientific humility should seem to overreach itself, he is ever ready with a corrective — an attenuated mysticism; nor is a tinge of satire wanting. "We, in our immeasurable wisdom, don't see how it [immortality] can work — we don't see how a universe that we don't begin to know, which already has genius and beauty and love, and which seems to like to give us all it can — birds, flowers, sunsets, stars, Vermont, the Himalayas, and Grand Canyon; which, most of all, has given us the insatiable soul, can manage to give us immortality. Well! Perhaps we ought not to be grasping — ought to call all we know and have, enough, and be thankful."

A scientist, however, who is so magnanimously hesitant about his science will surely not fail, when hard pressed, to be equally nonbelligerent about his romantic Universe and Cosmic Soul. For, is it not written by Mr. Holt himself: "If in solitude . . anywhere under the stars, you have not already felt that conception, you will probably find my efforts wasted"?

HENRY M. SHEFFER.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN SOUTHERN HISTORICAL WRITING.*

Of the fifteen essays contained in the Dunning testimonial volume of "Studies in Southern History and Politics" all but two or three have for their subjects some phase of the Civil War and Reconstruction Period and the race question. This is natural, since most of the authors are of southern birth, and nearly every southern historian is primarily interested in the Civil War and the questions which came into being as a result of it.

The general editor of the volume is Professor J. W. Garner of the Department of Political Science in the University of Illinois. He is also the author of the concluding essay, "Southern Politics since the Civil War." Professor Garner's main thesis in this essay is that the agitation of the negro question by political demagogues in the South has been of infinite harm to both races, and hence ought to come to an end. In fact, he is optimistic enough to believe that such agitation is now nearing its close, as the southern people are becoming heartily tired of it. Though one may well agree with this opinion, and hope that the elimination of the race question from southern politics is near at hand, there are those who by no means agree with Professor Garner in thinking that the resulting two-party system is essential to the normal and successful functioning of popular government, and that its absence tends to render the political life of a community stagnant and lacking in vitality. Undoubtedly the South has a number of things the matter with it, but certainly the absence of the two-party system is not one of them.

The two most interesting essays in the volume are those written by Professors Holland Thompson, of the College of the City of New York, and William K. Boyd, of Trinity College, North Carolina. In a sane, unemotional, and scholarly way these two essays deal respectively with "The New South, Economic and Social" and "Some Phases of Educational History in the South since 1865." In a concise but entirely illuminating manner, Professors Thompson and Boyd analyze the various factors that have helped or hindered the progress

* STUDIES IN SOUTHERN HISTORY AND POLITICS. Inscribed to William Archibald Dunning, Professor of History in Columbia University, by his former pupils. New York: Columbia University Press.

of the South along economic or educational lines. It is indeed refreshing to find at least two young southerners of undoubted talent and ability breaking away from the idea that everything of historical importance in their section concerns itself with the problems arising out of slavery and its overthrow, and devoting themselves to matters of greater present-day importance. In saying this the reviewer does not mean to disparage the other essays in the volume. It is certainly important and indeed necessary, both for the South and for the North, that the history of slavery and the Civil War should be rewritten by southerners trained in historical research as the authors of these essays have been trained. They have approached their subjects not as partisan southerners whose purpose it was to vindicate or defend, but rather with sympathy purged of bias and sectionalism; and in this spirit they have all succeeded in adding something of real scholarship to the body of southern historical literature.

In the opening essay, on "Deportation and Colonization: An Attempted Solution of the Race Problem," Professor W. L. Fleming of Louisiana State University shows that though such a solution of the race problem has been advocated by people as prominent as Jefferson and Lincoln and a great many others since 1770, the scheme has never had any sort of chance to succeed, due mainly to the opposition of white employers of negro labor. Undoubtedly there is a great deal of truth in Professor Fleming's witty remark that "every white man would be glad to have the entire black race deported — except his own laborers."

In "The Literary Movement for Secession," Professor Ulrich B. Phillips of the University of Michigan maintains the thesis that "state rights, while often harped upon, were in the main not an object of devotion for their own sake; but as a means of securing southern rights. State sovereignty was used to give the insignia of legality to a stroke for national independence." Professor Phillips arrives at this conclusion from an exhaustive study of the southern pamphlet literature written during the ten or twelve years preceding secession, and thereby proves to be a fact what was often suspected as having been the case.

Professor J. G. de R. Hamilton of North Carolina University, in "Southern Legislation in Respect to Freedmen, 1865-1866," states comprehensively and fairly for the first time the essence of all the southern "black codes," which, either from ignorance or crass partisanship, have been very much misrepresented and misunderstood. From the southern point of view, but with no attempt to excuse or extenuate obviously unjust and unnecessary restrictions on the liberties of the negroes, Professor Hamilton shows that the legislation in respect to freedmen during the two years following the close of the war was on the whole a sincere, and for the most part, an intelligent attempt to fix the legal and economic status of the four million ex-slaves, who from the very nature of the case were destined to continue for a time at least in a position of actual inferiority to the great body of white people about them. In conclusion, Professor Hamilton expresses the opinion that Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," and many other writers have either wilfully or ignorantly misrepresented the facts in giving as a reason for the radical reconstruction policy the prior enactment of the "black codes." He thinks that the radical policy had been determined upon before the "black codes" were passed, and consequently its shape was not much affected by these codes. However, by misrepresenting the codes and distorting them before the public as a rebel attempt to reënslave the negroes, the Radicals were thereby enabled to make a great deal of use of them in securing the success of their policy.

The remaining essays of the volume are "The Frontier and Secession" by Professor C. W. Ramsdell, "French Consuls in the Confederate States" by Professor M. L. Bonham, "Judicial Interpretation of the Confederate Constitution" by Professor S. D. Brummer, "Carpet-Baggers in the United States Senate" by Professor C. Mildred Thompson, "Grant's Southern Policy" by Professor E. C. Woolley, "The Federal Enforcement Acts" by Professor W. W. Davis, "Negro Suffrage in the South" by Professor W. R. Smith, "Political Philosophy of John C. Calhoun" by Professor C. E. Merriam, and "Southern Political Theories" by Professor D. Y. Thomas. It is a matter of regret that space does not permit of at least a brief analysis of these essays. Each of them is a distinct contribution to the subject treated, and anyone desiring a scholarly study of any of these subjects will find it in this volume. Those who would understand the new spirit permeating the younger generation of southern historians will do well to read this collection of "Studies in Southern History and Politics."

Benj. B. Kendrick.

A new book by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, entitled "In Mr. Knox's Country," will be published by Messrs. Longmans during the summer. It takes us again to the district of South-Western Ireland hunted by the hounds of which Flurry Knox was Master. Some new characters are introduced as well as many old friends.

Recent Fiction.*

Miss Ethel Dell, in "The Keeper of the Door," once more brings us into the companionship of Nick Ratcliffe, whose Indian exploits and rocky road of love held us breathless in "The Way of an Eagle." He is now living in England, a Member of Parliament, held in immense respect for his Indian record. The position of hero in the new story is not, however, reserved for him, but is given to Max Wyndham, a young physician, to whom many of his characteristics are transferred, while his niece and pal, Olga Ratcliffe, provides the book with an adorable heroine. The story is a very long one — made so by the wilderness of small talk which exasperatingly clogs its action — and it is a long time before the narrative gets anywhere. About midway, the scene shifts from England to India, where it remains almost until the end, and where some exciting things happen. Nick is sent by the government to look after the affairs of a rebellious native state, and Olga goes with him. Still, the interest even there is one of personal psychology rather than of objective incident, although there is one episode of a tiger and another of a bomb. Max Wyndham is "the keeper of the door" in a symbolical sense; that is, as a physician he has the power of life and death in his hands, and possesses the secret of a mysterious and potent drug referred to as "the pain-killer," which figures in the plot in a very critical way. Overwrought with grief for a girl-friend threatened with a hideous form of insanity, Olga gives her the relief which is death by an overdose of this medicine, and then falls into a delirious illness which obliterates from her mind all recollection of what has happened. Later, malicious tongues persuade her that her friend's life has been lost through the unprofessional conduct of Max, whereupon she breaks off her engagement with him. The truth is revealed to her when she revisits the scene of the girl's death, and the gap in her memory is suddenly repaired. It is Max who triumphs in the end, although Olga has meanwhile given her heart to his very engaging brother Noel, whose sufferings in her service and eventual disappointment in her loss make a heavy draft upon our sympathies. The novel has an overplus of sentiment, and is spun out to much too great a length, but its interest is cumulative, and it grows more tense and exciting with every added chapter.

A really ingenious detective story, which does not stretch the long arm of coincidence to a freakish length, and which does not contrive difficulties obviously insurmountable except by impossible devices, offers one of the best forms of entertainment. Such a story, supported by crisp telling and swift dramatic action, is found in Mr. Arthur Stringer's "The Hand of Peril." It tells of the tracking of a gang of counterfeiters and forgers to their secret quarters in Paris, Palermo, New York, and Rome, with their final discomfiture at the hands of a secret service agent of the federal government. The extraordinary success of these rascals is due to the fine artistic faculty of a young woman, whom they have trained from her youth as an expert with the brush, the pen, and the engraving needle. Her forged documents and her plates are so carefully executed that they deceive all but the best qualified of experts, and constitute a grave international peril. She does the work because she is in the power of the arch-scoundrel, who poses as her father, and persuades her that she has been guilty of murder. She is an unwilling but faithful tool of this villainy until she learns how she has been deceived. When Kestner, the secret service man, gets on her trail, he discovers in her a woman to be loved, and in their first encounter she saves his life. After being baffled many times in many parts of the world, Kestner is at last successful in breaking up the gang and in winning the woman. He is a detective of superhuman cunning and resourcefulness, and has one hairbreadth escape after another. The story is one which gives comforting attention to the details which are so apt to be neglected in fiction of this description, and the interest is absorbing.

Mr. Warwick Deeping is an accomplished story-teller, but we could wish that he dealt more with modern life than with the artificial conditions imposed by scenes and actions placed in the remote past. In "Marriage by Conquest," we have no direct time-indications, but we learn, by gradual degrees, and from various suggestions of costume and custom and social manner, that it is a story of the eighteenth century, in which the author has previously shown himself to be very much at home. The scene is Sussex, and the leading characters are three in number. First, there is Stella Shenstone, the widowed chatelaine of Stonehill, young and beautiful, but hardened into cynicism by her experience of men. Then there is her ferocious and unscrupulous wooer, Sir Richard Heron of Rush Heath, who pursues her with insolent arrogance, and makes

* The Keeper of the Door. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Hand of Peril. A Novel of Adventure. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Marriage by Conquest. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

Daybreak. A Story of the Age of Discovery. By Elizabeth Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

himself a terror to all other men who seek her favor. Finally, there is John Flambard of Chevrons, a gentleman by instinct and a scholar by choice, who comes unexpectedly into his English inheritance, and is very much out of place in the society of the loutish Sussex gentry who are his neighbors. He wins the love of the fair Stella, who recovers through his companionship her lost faith in mankind, and he meets the bullying pretensions of his rival with a fine display of moral courage reinforced by thews that make him a formidable antagonist. Sir Richard, who grows more and more loathsome as his character is revealed, is defeated in his machinations, and even the seeming success of his dastardly assault upon the hero is turned to the credit of the latter, when Stella rises magnificently to the occasion, and brings some stinging truths home to those who have abetted the persecution of her lover. The scene in which she confronts the men who have, at the malignant instance of the villain, conspired to compass the humiliation of the hero, is a fine example of vivid dramatic action. The whole story is conceived in the romantic spirit, and is related with both vigor and eloquence.

The story of the Moors in Spain seemed to us the sum of all romance in the days when Washington Irving was a best-seller. Since his time, few romantic writers have ventured to intrude upon the domain which he made his own, and the book called "Daybreak," by Miss Elizabeth Miller (Mrs. Hack) comes to us almost as a novelty. That the glamour of those scenes and days has not faded beyond the power of revivification is made evident by this brilliant romance of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella and of the Genoese whose *idée fixe* opened a new epoch in the world's history. These are the figures that emerge from the throngs that people the narrative, which is immediately concerned with the siege and fall of Granada. The private romance is supplied by the love of Don Beltran Ponce de Leon for a high-born damsel who is Ferdinand's ward, and who, for reasons of state, is to be forced into an unwilling marriage. But love laughs at locksmiths and all other persons who attempt to divert its course, and the close of "Daybreak" finds the lovers escaped from court and convent and Inquisition, the lady a refugee in Tangier, the hero a companion of Columbus on the Santa Maria. A brief final chapter brings them together in the Moorish city, and it is left to be surmised that the only vicissitudes yet in store for them are of the marital description which romantic novelists, as a rule, are prudent enough to avoid.

William Morton Payne.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

The Baroness von Heyking, who wrote "The Letters Which Never Reached Him," has given a most interesting picture of Prussian domestic and diplomatic life in her newer novel, "Lovers in Exile" (Dutton). After a purely conventional marriage into a typical Junker family, the heroine meets and loves a young man in the ministry of foreign affairs. She has courage enough to divorce her disagreeable husband and marry according to the dictates of her heart. The vengeance of the Junkers follows him in his career; and at last, after he is compelled to bear the burden of an international blunder in what can be quite certainly identified as the Venezuelan incident, he is driven into obscurity. It is a well written story, and one of unusual interest to the many who are studying German national psychology.

For "The Valley of Fear" (Doran) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has taken the resuscitated Sherlock Holmes and given him a typical murder mystery to solve in the first half of the interesting story. For the latter half, he deals with the Molly Maguire atrocities of the 'seventies, the astute and fearless James McParlan of the Pinkerton detective agency figuring as the hero under an assumed name, the author evidently finding the horrid realities disclosed at the trial of the principals beyond any powers of invention he himself possesses. Indeed, to a generation ignorant of the facts, Dr. Doyle will be thought lacking in plausibility, so steeped in savagery were the Pennsylvania miners implicated and punished.

Old fashioned in the treatment of its characters and its attitude toward life, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's "The Winning of Lucia" (Appleton) has been written quite evidently for that young person whom we had supposed was shocked out of existence several years ago. A young man "with enough of the devil in him to keep the devil out" loses Lucia to a somewhat mephistophelian nobleman, who turns out to be rather soft after great expectations had been aroused concerning his hardness. After a series of postponements, both of betrothal and marriage, the young man, having amassed a fortune in speculation, marries the fair Lucia, also enriched by the nobleman's selection of her as his heiress. It is a mild and uninjurious story.

"Dr. Syn: A Smuggler Tale of Romney Marsh" (Doubleday) is a rollicking, murderous tale of the early years of the last century, in which the protagonist, an old pirate disguised as a clergyman, matches his wits against those of a King's officer and is eventually worsted. There is nothing distantly resembling a normal human being in the narrative, and there is little done that any normal being thinks could be done. The scene is as strange as the deeds set in it, the whole constituting a thorough-going melodrama of the most sensational sort.

M. Henry Bordeaux's story of "Les Roquevillard" has been ably translated by Mr. Pitts Duffield and given the title of "The Will to Live" (Duffield). It deals with the unity of an ancient family, dishonored by a youthful son of the house; and the

collective grief of the kinsfolk is depicted with fine understanding and vigor. The disgrace comes from an elopement with a married woman, who takes the dowry her elderly doting husband has settled upon her. For revenge the deserted man accuses the youth of the theft. Eventually found not guilty through the father's eloquent plea in court, the whole circle of his relatives are compelled to suffer with him. The book will command both attention and respect.

Quite typically American are the attributes given by Mr. Holworthy Hall to the collegians who figure in his "Pepper" (Century Co.). The hero of the undergraduate episodes at Harvard here recounted is from Chicago, which will perhaps account for his being so successful in making money, both for himself in a moment of necessity and for others in their want. He does not need it, ordinarily speaking, for his father is rich; but he has a wide fertility of resource which wins him the respect of his associates and generally the affection of those whom he so cleverly befriends. It is an entertaining work, bubbling over with the spirit of youth.

As many bewildering incidents as can well be crowded into the pages of a single short book make Mr. John Selborne's "The Thousand Secrets" (Kennerley) rather bewildering reading. It begins with a mysterious murder, almost immediately complicated with international troubles between Great Britain, where the scene is variously laid, and two other nations, pseudonymously named. A puny love affair rather detracts from than adds to the interest of the book, which is written quite frankly for purposes of mere pastime.

Briefs on New Books.

International perspective in criticism. To the rapidly increasing list of books dealing with what will in due time come to be recognized as a new *genre* in the fine art of literature, an admirable addition has lately been made in Mr. Gustav Pollak's "International Perspective in Criticism" (Dodd). The volume is a well chosen compilation of extracts from Goethe, Grillparzer, Sainte-Beuve, and Lowell dealing with great figures in the literatures of England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, with the literature of antiquity, with definitions of a "classic," and with philosophy and religion. For the most part these authors are allowed to speak for themselves. But Mr. Pollak has some good things to say about Goethe's international sympathies, Grillparzer's relentless habit of severe self-scrutiny and steadfast belief in a drama of democracy, Sainte-Beuve's alert curiosity and wide-ranging sympathies, and Lowell's admirable reconciliation of what are opposites to the small mind, patriotism and cosmopolitanism. At the close, in a section called "Messages from the Masters," Mr. Pollak points out that in these men the "critical" faculty seems in no wise to have stunted their "creative" energy. He dwells on their "incessant and passionate endeavour to hold up to their countrymen the great models of foreign literatures, in order to bring home to them the excellence of their own great writers," their steadfast rejection of the "mediocre and ignoble," their "wholesome dread of pedantry" combined with their "steady pursuit of wisdom," their realization of the fact that individual "liberties" mean often collective enslavement, their desire that their own countries should see themselves as others see them and thus rise above "blind chauvinism." The reading of these men fills Mr. Pollak with grave fears that "the restlessness of modern endeavour" in art and all other forms of life "betokens only weakness." As one turns the really liberating pages of this volume one is tempted to make from it many fruitful though perhaps fantastic deductions: that the critic is the most international in spirit among all artists, as the poet has tended to be the most national; that imperialism and national alliances are but crude forms of cosmopolitanism viewed from the wrong side; that Oscar Wilde was, for the moment, wiser than any diplomat when he said that we might well some day refuse to make war on France because of her beautiful prose; that the critic is a truer patriot than the imperialist because the imperialist thinks that his country has a divine wisdom which she must crudely superimpose upon the world, while the critic is so proud of his own country that he despises her limitations and would make her grow rich through the absorption of the best traits of her sister countries, to find herself by losing herself, and to discover that just as there is no real quarrel between egoism and altruism (for the individual must improve the community in order to improve himself, and he cannot improve himself without improving the community) so there is no real contention between the group-individual, nationalism, and cosmopolitanism.

Fraternal memories. Richly gifted in mind and heart was the late Robert Hugh Benson, youngest of the three variously accomplished brothers whose books are widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. Sons of the late Primate of the English Church, and of a mother who seems to have exerted a powerful influence for good over her children, the three brothers could not fail, so soon as their literary gifts had made them known to the larger world, to become objects of interest to that world. Hence the certainty of a general and cordial welcome to the volume entitled "Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother"

(Longmans), by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, the eldest of the three. It is an affectionate, graceful, admiring but by no means indiscriminately laudatory tribute to the memory of an interesting and lovable and strongly marked character; and the human quality of the book throughout, its attention to little homely details, its success in making both the boy Hugh and the purposeful man live and breathe before us, will win for it the praise accorded to all biography written with insight and carrying with it the sense of truth to reality. The more formal and detailed account of Monsignor Benson's life and work, especially in his character of priest, will appear later from the hand of his friend and co-religionist, Father C. C. Martindale, S. J. Meanwhile the reader is admitted to some delightful intimacies by the brother who presents this preliminary sketch. One brief passage from the opening chapter, describing the home that Father Benson had acquired for himself in his later years, will make evident the variety of talents he possessed. "Everything in the little domain took shape under his skilful hand and ingenious brain. He made most of the tapestries in the house with his own fingers, working with his friend Mr. Gabriel Pippet, the artist. He carved much of the panelling — he was extraordinarily clever with his hands. He painted many of the pictures which hang on the walls, he catalogued the library; he worked day after day in the garden, weeding, mowing, and planting." Not the least of the book's charms is the striking manner in which it incidentally reveals the extent to which autobiography has entered into Robert Hugh Benson's works of fiction, though this revelation is in no sense a surprise. The final impression of the memoir is of one who high-heartedly and with intense earnestness entered into the tremendous game of life, and played his part nobly and zestfully to the very end. Glad did he live and gladly die, and he laid him down with a will. Of portraits and other illustrations the book has no lack. No more sincere or engrossing piece of writing has come from its author's pen.

The oldest and most enduring form of music.

Mr. George P. Upton has done another good service for music in his latest book, "The Song" (McClurg). The subject is an especially interesting one. The spontaneous utterance of the race in music has been chiefly in the song. Among all nations have been found these free expressions of feeling. They have varied in form, in rhythm, in color, with the changing skies under which they have been produced. They have been embodiments of all the emotions which fill the hearts of mankind. They have been the rich and lavish material to which the learned composers have gone for themes which could be worked up into imposing musical structures. They have voiced the hopes, the fears, the aspirations of mankind from the earliest periods. They are to-day as living as they ever were, and they constitute the music which everyone understands and which everyone enjoys. Mr. Upton thus explains the purpose of his book: "In carrying out his scheme the author has confined his selection and classes to song in the English tongue, making little reference to songs of other countries, except in chapters relating to their origin and evolution. He has also sought to trace the various functions of the song, and to attempt to explain why some of the simplest of the old songs live on, generation after generation, as fresh and forceful as when they were written, while so many of the higher and more elaborate musical forms perish or are soon forgotten. In a word, the writer has sought to present the story, the psychology, and mission of the song, the oldest and most enduring form of music." It would be easy, in making such an effort, to become lost in the multiplicity of details and, while being adequately encyclopædic, to fail sadly in keeping up the indubitable interest of the subject. No such disaster has overtaken the present author. Our enjoyment waxes as we proceed, and the value of the book is enhanced by the manner of presentation. Our old favorites appear unshorn of the attraction which they have always possessed. We learn a good deal of the peoples who have here so clearly and unreservedly manifested themselves. We may not entirely give ourselves up to their intense and sanguinary developments of patriotic devotion to the fatherland; but for unhampered immersion in the domestic affections, for the delight in the simple amusements of daily life, for the hymning of the higher experiences, we can have only sympathy and gratitude. The many who love the old songs will assuredly give this book a cordial welcome.

Studies and satires by Mr. Galsworthy.

Ten "studies of extravagance" comprise nearly half of Mr. John Galsworthy's latest volume, "The Little Man, and Other Satires" (Scribner). So vividly are they portrayed that the types depicted in these pen-sketches seem to stand forth like so many bronze statues one has come upon unexpectedly out in the open. Whole sentences linger in the mind long after the book is laid aside. For instance, there is the artist who declares that it does not matter whether you have anything to express, so long

as you express it; the young woman who flings open all the doors of life, and is so continually going out and coming in that life has considerable difficulty in catching a glimpse of her at all; the perfect one who had heard of "the people," and, indeed, at times had seen and smelt them; and the superlative whose poet was Blake, whose novelist was Dostoievsky, and whose playwright was Strindberg, for who else was there who had gone outside the range of normal, stupid, rational humanity, and shown the marvellous qualities of the human creature drunk or dreaming? It is given to few artists to reveal the soul with Mr. Galsworthy's penetration, to write with his brilliance. "A Simple Tale," one of the short stories of the volume, contains a weird and unforgettable character, near kin to Mr. Stone of "Fraternity" and the very shadow of old age itself, who thinks himself the Wandering Jew. The title piece is a whimsical satire, having for its characters an Englishman and his wife, an American, a German, the Little Man, and a woman with two bundles and a baby, who are waiting for their train on an Austrian railway platform. The men are trying to find a definition for true heroism. Catastrophe befalls the Little Man, the only one who attempts to put theory into practice; but Fate is at hand to throw in one of her happy endings (she has robbed so many lives of them that she ought to have them to squander), and the curtain falls as the American snaps his kodak on the sobered group. Just what, we begin to wonder, is the significance of all this? Can it be that Mr. Galsworthy is trying to say that it is just as heroic to lug a baby and two bundles for a woman crying in distress, as, let us say, to steer a Zeppelin over ——? But we are on forbidden ground. In a warning note the author states expressly that the piece was written in 1913, and has nothing whatever to do, however darkly and deeply, with the Great War.

The problem of sex control.

The perennial problem of the control of the determination of sex never loses interest, partly because of its relations to the economic interests of the animal breeder and partly by reason of its ever present appeal to parents. The progress of biological inquiry into the structure and behavior of the sex cells, the transmission of hereditary characters from parents to children, and the application of the experimental method to the modification of sexual characters and to the control of sex among animals, have brought to light a great mass of data, much of it obscure in its significance, not a little of it conflicting in character, and practically all of it suggesting several different conclusions. Out of this confusion some general results are emerging which point the way for further investigation rather than afford generalizations of sweeping import. Dr. L. Doncaster, of King's College, Cambridge, has set forth these results in his "Determination of Sex" (Putnam) in a critical and constructive way, supplementing the data of others by his own interpretations and suggestions. His work is of necessity somewhat technical and highly specialized, though the glossary and the simplicity and clarity of his style will assist the non-technical reader through the mazes of chromosomes, heterozygotes, and gynandromorphs. The topics discussed include the nature and functions of sex, the stage of development at which sex is determined, sex-limited inheritance, the sex ratio, identical twins, secondary sexual characters, the transmission of secondary sexual characters, hermaphroditism, and the determination of sex in man. With regard to the last, the author inclines to the view that, although the problem is far from solution, there is still hope for an ultimate victory.

Short and simple annals of the poor.

Transitory but vivid glimpses of a succession of characters from common life make up the substance of "Eight O'clock and Other Studies" (Macmillan), by Mr. St. John G. Ervine. Humble and to an unobservant eye uninteresting, these representatives of the poorer classes in London, Dublin, County Antrim, and elsewhere, become instinct with meaning in the discerning author's hands; and the lesson, or one of the lessons, that he unobtrusively and undidactically teaches is the pathetic dreariness of life to those unfortunates who have no inner resources of their own, while by implication the richness and wonderfulness of existence to the uncramped soul are made to stand out in glowing relief. Amusing but pitiful is the aspect of the bookseller's assistant encountered by the writer in Kew Gardens and sounded with ludicrous lack of response on various subjects, including books; and when a final desperate appeal was made to his ambition (if he had any), "for the first time a look of yearning came into his eyes, and he stared steadily in front of him for a second or so. 'Yes,' he said, after a little while, 'sometimes I think it would be nice to have two pounds a week certain.'" Equally touching is the spectacle of Mr. Martin, a workingman who has scraped together a competence and retired from the drudgery of daily toil to the tedium of perpetual idleness. To go "for a walk in the Square, and look at the shops," is

the utmost extent of his recreational capabilities. Previous appearance of some of these sketches in such journals as the Manchester "Guardian," the London "Nation," "Sunday Chronicle," "New Statesman," and "Irish Independent" is a sort of guarantee, if one asks for it, of their good quality.

The civilization of India, China, and Japan. It is difficult to foresee what form will be assumed by reports of the fortunate holders of Kahn fellowships as their numbers increase with the passing years. It is appalling to think of their publication, if they once become fixed in type. In fact, we are almost ready to declare that no man should be allowed to go around the world, unless he will bind himself not to publish anything about his trip for five years after he returns. However, the latest report to the Kahn trustees need give no ground for apprehension, inasmuch as it comes from the well known English writer, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, who has wisely refrained from describing his journey in detail and has offered instead "some reflections on the general spirit and character of the civilization of India, China, and Japan; and the apparent and probable effects upon these civilizations of contact with the West." His essay, which is divided into three parts and a conclusion, fills less than ninety rather small pages; but every paragraph is thoughtful and suggestive. In fact, the tiny volume contains much more mental pabulum than is to be found in many bulkier productions, and is well worth reading. At the same time we ought to note that it will not offer much that is essentially new to those who are familiar with the author's "Appearances," reviewed at some length in our issue of December 16 last. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Dickinson's hand has lost nothing of its cunning, and that the essay is a delightful example of style. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Some romantic chapters in the annals of the sea. The old sailing ships which found their finest type at last in American "clippers" have their counterpart in English nautical history in "The Old East Indiamen," to which Lieutenant E. Keble Chatterton, R.N.V.R., devotes an entertaining and fully illustrated volume (Lippincott). Previous works by the same writer attest both his interest and his qualifications; and in his new book he has added a series of chapters to the annals of the sea which needed to be particularized. Beginning with the first operations of the East India Company, after a survey of the voyages and discoveries that made the Company possible,— carrying his tale from the pages of Hakluyt down into the last century, when the monopoly of the Company was taken from it and the need for maintaining a fleet of ships, most of them well armed against pirates, privateers, and the ships of European enemies, ceased,— he buttresses the late Admiral Mahan's theory of sea power from one cover to another. There was fighting enough in the old days, and on at least one occasion the East Indiamen proved too powerful for a French squadron. Something might have been said about the various flags and ensigns shown in the numerous pictures of these gallant old craft, the more so as facing page 78 is a flag identical with the one flown at Washington's headquarters at Cambridge in 1775, with the Union Jack and thirteen stripes, apparently red and white. The work sadly needs an index.

The making of modern Germany. Professor George M. Priest of Princeton has written a lucid and interesting history of "Germany since 1740" (Ginn), which will doubtless find many readers in the present posture of international affairs. The difficult task of writing an historical narrative where there is, for the most part, no one focal point, is here solved with considerable skill. The slow amalgamation of the scattered and impotent German states into one of the greatest powers in human history may be followed clearly in this book of two hundred pages, from which superfluous facts have been carefully eliminated. The tone of the writer is sympathetic but critical. His detachment becomes especially observable in the latter part of the book, where he has to deal with the amazing commercial and industrial development of Germany which has imparted such a sinister materialistic aspect to life there. The worship of force, a legacy from Bismarck, has been further fostered by this consciousness of economic strength, and has tended to overshadow other elements in the German character. Its fruition is the present war, for which Germany is, in the author's opinion, only proximately to blame, the fundamental guilt being shared, at least to some extent, by the other great powers of Europe. For the general reader, Professor Priest's book is the most commendable account extant of the development of what is just now the most interesting, though not the best beloved, country in the world.

Among the reptiles. The abhorrence which most people instinctively exhibit towards snakes, lizards, and salamanders does not seem to reduce popular interest in these long since decadent groups of the lower

vertebrates. The reptile house at the zoölogical garden is full of attraction, not only because of its potentialities in hair-raising thrills but also because of its varied interests which increase greatly with acquaintance. Mr. E. G. Boulenger's volume entitled "Reptiles and Batrachians" (Dutton) is based upon the author's experience as curator of the famous collection of lower vertebrates in the Zoölogical Gardens of the Zoölogical Society in Regent's Park, London. It gives a general account of the classification of these two groups of animals, with a brief discussion of the more interesting facts of natural history pertaining to the representative reptiles, the crocodiles, alligators, lizards, slowworms, turtles, tortoises, and snakes of the world, and likewise of the amphibians including the frogs, toads, tree-toads, salamanders, and water puppies. It discusses distribution, food and feeding habits, life history, behavior, poison fangs and poisons, and breeding habits, affording a mine of trustworthy information on a wide range of forms. The book deals with leading species from all continents, and includes a considerable number of American species. It is illustrated with one hundred and seventy-six plates, mostly reproductions from original photographs of living animals made by Mr. W. S. Berridge.

An anthology of modern plays. Professor Thomas H. Dickinson has made a judicious selection of plays for his anthology of "Chief Contemporary Dramatists" (Houghton). Allowing for the exigencies of copyright, of author's permission in several cases, of accessibility in translation, the dramas included are as nearly representative as any group so arbitrarily chosen could possibly be. By a somewhat daring and curious turn of logic, the editor explains that Ibsen was omitted because he is too much the pioneer of the contemporary movement, too fully its source and exemplar. The omission of representative plays by Shaw and Barrie is enforced. English drama is represented by Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, and Barker; Irish by Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory; American by Fitch, Moody, Thomas, and MacKaye; Norwegian by Björnson, Swedish by Strindberg, and Russian by Tchekhov; German by Hauptmann and Sudermann; and French and Belgian by Brieux, Hervieu, and Maeterlinck. Serious plays predominate; but the editor forestalls any criticism on this point by suggesting that it is not his fault but the fault of the age. The volume is carefully edited in detail; its notes are concise; its bibliographies are brief but adequate. That it will prove an indispensable handbook for students of the modern drama, goes without saying. An anthology of this kind is in itself so much a pioneer, so much an innovation, and it contains so much that is admirable, that to quarrel with its contents were like holding a grudge against the gods for having led us out into the open road, where we expected only a path.

BRIEFER MENTION.

We are glad to note that Mr. Robert Frost's volume of verse, "North of Boston," the English edition of which we reviewed in our issue of Oct. 1 last, has been published in this country by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. An American edition of Mr. Frost's first volume, "A Boy's Will," is also issued at the same time by the same publishers.

Interest in the West, in this year of the exposition, is not limited to California. Those who plan to visit America's only "geyser land" and desire a complete historical and descriptive guide to the region, will find what they seek in General Hiram M. Chittenden's "The Yellowstone National Park" (Stewart & Kidd Co.), now revised and enlarged and brought thoroughly up to date.

New revised editions, in both instances the third, of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's "The New Pacific" and "Retrospection" have recently been published by the Bancroft Co. The interest of the veteran Californian in men and institutions and problems of the day remains undiminished, and his comments are no less fearless or illuminating than of old. The two volumes are issued together in a box.

A textbook on advertising that deals with the economic, psychological, and physical factors of the subject, as well as principles of artistic arrangement and composition in the preparation of "copy," has been prepared by Messrs. Harry Tipper, Harry L. Hollingworth, George Burton Hotchkiss, and Frank Alvah Parsons, each one of whom is qualified by experience and training for his task and is an expert in his field. A distinctive feature of the volume is the outline of an advertising campaign in actual operation. Elaborate illustrations of successful display advertising are included. (New York: The Ronald Press Co.)

A second edition of "Routledge's New English Dictionary of the English Language," edited by Mr. Cecil Weatherley, has been issued by Messrs. Dutton. Some of its features are: condensation secured through judicious grouping of derivatives with the vocabulary word, which has resulted in the elimination of unnecessary definitions; the inclusion of all the principal new terms in the sciences and the applied and fine arts, of modern colloquial slang both English and American, and of idiomatic words with their usages; and the ready use for sources of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and such dictionaries as the "Oxford English," the "Century," and the latest edition of Webster's "International." Convenient in size, and clear in typography, the volume forms a most desirable reference book for the desk or library.

NOTES.

Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon's new novel, "Open Market," will be issued immediately by Messrs. Appleton.

Sir Gilbert Parker's forthcoming novel, which will be published in the autumn, will be entitled "The Money Master."

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's book on the war, "When Blood Is Their Argument," will be published in this country by Messrs. Doran.

General Joffre's only book, "My March to Timbuctoo," has been translated and an English edition will be issued immediately by Messrs. Stokes.

The third volume of "The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," edited by Mr. L. H. Bailey, is ready for immediate issue by the Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley's story of war and love, "The Splendid Chance," is announced by Messrs. Appleton for issue before the end of the month.

We are sorry to report that it has been found necessary to discontinue the publication of the "Harvard Architectural Quarterly," two complete volumes of which have been issued.

Mr. B. Russell Herts, author of "Depreciations," has prepared a volume on "The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments," which Messrs. Putnam have in train for publication in June.

A volume entitled "An Eye Witness's Narrative of the War" will be published immediately by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. It is described as a commentary on the operations and achievements of the British Expeditionary Force.

There will be published at once in England a book of "Memorials of Mgr. Benson," by Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie, and others of his friends. It is to be issued uniformly with Mgr. Benson's volume of collected poems.

A new collection of poems by Mr. G. K. Chesterton is soon to be published. This book will contain war poems, including "Lepanto"; love poems; religious poems; ballades; and a section of "Rhymes for the Times," serious and gay.

Into a volume entitled "A German-American's Confession of Faith," Professor Kuno Francke has gathered the papers he has written and the addresses he has delivered upon the great war and its problems. It will be published at once by Mr. B. W. Huebsch.

The first three volumes in the "Mind and Health Series," to be published shortly, are "Human Motives," by Professor James Jackson Putnam; "The Meaning of Dreams," by Dr. Isador H. Coriat; and "Sleep and Sleeplessness," by Mr. H. Addington Bruce.

Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, author of a recent book on "The Russian Opera," will have a companion volume ready next month on "The Russian Arts," the main object of which is to show how the soul of the people is revealed not only in their literature and music, but also in their iconography, modern painting, sculpture, architecture, and ornamentation.

"German Philosophy and Politics," by Professor John Dewey, traces for the unprofessional reader the development of classical German philosophy from Kant to Hegel. The volume will be issued immediately by Messrs. Holt, who will also publish next month a new one-volume edition, revised, of Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's book, "Morals in Evolution."

Among forthcoming books from the Oxford University Press will be "Some Love Songs of Petrarch," translated and annotated by Dr. W. D. Foulke, who has also contributed a lengthy memoir of the poet by way of introduction. Only a portion of the *canzoniere* is included, Dr. Foulke having omitted all which did not seem to him to represent Petrarch at his best.

Three new volumes are in preparation for the "Quest Series," edited by Mr. G. R. S. Mead and published by the Macmillan Co. They are "The Ethical and Social Significance of Personality" by Professor William Brown, "Catholic Mysticism" by Baron Friedrich Von Hugel, and "The Interpretation of Nature from Aristotle to Bergson" by Professor J. Arthur Thomson.

Mr. A. P. Goudy, Lecturer in Russian in the University of Cambridge, and Mr. E. Bullough, of Gonville and Caius College, are editing for the Cambridge University Press a series of Russian texts, each volume to consist of about 750 pages, with notes and vocabulary. The first three volumes of the series will be Pushkin's "Godunov," Tolstoy's "Sevastopol," and Dostoevsky's "Poor People."

A second series of studies of "French Novelists of To-day," by Miss Winifred Stephens, is soon to appear. An introduction will deal with the French novel on the eve of the war, and the change that has come over the life and literature of France during the last twenty years. Separate chapters are devoted to Marcelle Tinayre, Romain Rolland, Jean Tharaud, Jérôme Tharaud, René Boylesve, Pierre Mille, and Jean Aicard. As in the earlier series, the bibliographies at the beginning of the studies are not restricted to works of fiction.

An edition of Henry Vaughan's poems, to be published shortly by the Oxford University Press, will contain as an appendix eleven of Vaughan's letters which have been recently discovered. They were written to John Aubrey and Anthony Wood, and they add something to our knowledge of a poet about whose biography less has hitherto been known than about any of the other Caroline or Jacobean poets of his rank. Mr. L. C. Martin, who edits the volume, has also made the first authentic collation of the text of the poems.

Edward Cook, a prominent member of the old-time publishing fraternity of Chicago, died on the 20th inst., at his home in Oak Park, Illinois. Mr. Cook came to Chicago in 1860. He was one of the organizers of the publishing house of Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, which later became part of the American Book Company. For several years he was a partner in the publishing firm of Jansen, McClurg & Co., later A. C. McClurg & Co. He was a prominent member of the Masonic order,

and wrote much of the Masonic law for Masons of Illinois. He was a trustee of Scoville Institute of Oak Park, and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

A recent announcement of the Doves Press contains the following: "The Great War has not been 'forgotten' or 'forgiven,' nor is it even finished. But the first shock, which seemed to obliterate both Past and Future and to engulf all in one foul triumph of hate, is over, and both Past and Future re-emerge and re-assume their reign despite the 'inscrutable horror' of to-day. With this larger outlook Mr. Cobden-Sanderson returns to his first intention before the war, and will in the immediate future print and publish the 'Lieder, Gedichte, and Balladen' of Germany's supreme poet, Goethe, in honour of Germany's better past and in hope of Germany's still greater future when she shall have sloughed off the hate which, to-day, bedarkens both her and our Welt-Ansicht and World-Vision."

A minor effect of the war has been the marked awakening of interest in Russian literature evidenced by English readers. As one result of this, an attempt is being made by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, in a series of "Great Russian Fiction," to cover the whole range of Russian imaginative literature in a library of uniform volumes at a popular price. The following works will be ready immediately: "The Captain's Daughter and Other Tales," by Pushkin; "On the Eve," by Turgenev; "The Heart of a Russian," by Lemontov; "Little Angel," by Andreiev; "In Honour's Name," by Kuprin; and two of Gorky's works — "Comrades" and "Chelkash." It is hoped to include among the later volumes some novels and stories by Chekhov, Dostoevsky, Gogol, Gontcharov, Korolenko, and others.

One year of the Index Office, a corporation not for pecuniary profit, organized early in 1914 "as a reference bureau and intermediary between libraries and the public, to perform, for a moderate charge, such services as libraries are not prepared to perform, namely, to index, compile, abstract, and translate such literary material as investigators need to have prepared for their use," seems to have demonstrated the usefulness of that institution, which at the outset was favorably noticed in these columns. In the initial number of its "Reference Bulletin," lately issued, it gives some details of its first year's activities. Medical students and physicians have apparently been its chief patrons, and they have called for a number of bibliographies and abstracts on subjects interesting to them. It announces its intention to publish "Dementia Precox Studies" and occasional bibliographies on the subject by Dr. Bayard Holmes. Bibliographical indexes and references fill six of the Bulletin's eight pages.

In a recent issue of The Dial we noted the fact that the quarterly of Oriental study, "Le Muséon," long published by the University of Louvain, would be carried on by the Cambridge University Press of England. The American agency for the publication, as we now learn, has just been undertaken by the University of Chicago Press. Over two hundred pages of material for the third and fourth numbers of "Le Muséon" for 1914 are supposed to have been lost in the fire which destroyed the offices of the Belgian publisher in the early days of August; and one of the collaborators on the last number of the journal was taken prisoner in the war and died in a hospital. All supporters of Oriental studies will be glad to know that the first issue of this journal for 1915 will soon be published, with contributions from many well-known continental and English scholars; and interest in a review published under such unusual circumstances is confidently expected to be shown by American scholars especially interested in these fields of research.

One of the most striking and unaccountable instances of popular neglect of a brilliant writer is to be found in the case of Walter Bagehot. In the face of this neglect it is a bold, though a most commendable, enterprise to project a complete edition of Bagehot's writings. Such an edition, in ten volumes, edited by Bagehot's sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell Barrington, will be published next month by Messrs. Longmans. Much important matter is now reprinted for the first time, including the first two articles by Bagehot which appeared in "The Prospective Review" in 1848, various pamphlets on political economy, a series of essays written in early youth, and a volume of selected papers from "The Economist," "The Saturday Review," and "The Spectator." The first volume of the new edition will include the memoir by Bagehot's life-long friend, Richard Holt Hutton, originally published in "The Fortnightly Review" and later reprinted as a preface to Volume I. of Bagehot's "Literary Studies," together with the second memoir by the same writer, contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography." Mrs. Russell Barrington's memoir, which appeared a year ago, completes the series as Volume X.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 113 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Spencer Fullerton Baird: A Biography. By William Healy Dall, D.Sc. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 462 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy; with Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. Illustrated, 12mo. 223 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

John Huss: His Life, Teachings, and Death. By David S. Schaff, D.D. With portrait, large 8vo, 349 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Forty Years on the Stage: Others (Principally) and Myself. By J. H. Barnes. Illustrated, large 8vo, 320 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

My Life. By Sir Hiram S. Maxim. Illustrated, large 8vo, 322 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $4.50 net.

Alfred the Great, the Truth Teller, Maker of England, 848-899. By Beatrice Adelaide Lees. Illustrated, large 8vo, 493 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Paracelsus: The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim. By Franz Hartmann, M.D. Revised and enlarged edition; 8vo, 311 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

HISTORY.

Napoleon and Waterloo: The Emperor's Campaign with the Armée du Nord, 1815. By A. F. Becke, R.F.A. In 2 volumes, with photogravure portraits, 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. $8. net.

The Diplomacy of the War of 1812. By Frank A. Updyke, Ph.D. 8vo, 494 pages. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50 net.
The Interpretation of History. By L. Cecil Jane. 12mo, 348 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.
Captives among the Indians: First-hand Narratives of Colonial Times. Edited by Horace Kephart. "Outing Adventure Library." 12mo, 240 pages. Outing Publishing Co. $1. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Mary Russell Mitford: Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. Illustrated, 8vo, 324 pages. Rand, McNally & Co. $2.75 net.
Vanishing Roads, and Other Essays. By Richard Le Gallienne. 12mo, 377 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
The Ballade. By Helen Louise Cohen, Ph.D. 8vo, 397 pages. Columbia University Press.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Poems. By Brian Hooker. 12mo, 146 pages. Yale University Press. $1. net.
The Lie: A Play in Four Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. "Margaret Illington Edition." Illustrated, 12mo, 110 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.
Patrie! An Historical Drama. By Victorien Sardou; translated, with Introduction, by Barrett Clark. "Drama League Series of Plays." With portrait, 12mo, 203 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cts. net.
The Alcestis of Euripides. Translated into English rhyming verse, with explanatory notes, by Gilbert Murray, LL.D. 12mo, 82 pages. Oxford University Press. 75 cts. net.
The Smile of Mona Lisa: A Play in One Act. By Jacinto Benavente. 12mo, 34 pages. Richard G. Badger. 75 cts. net.
Pro Patria: A Book of Patriotic Verse. Compiled by Wilfrid J. Halliday, M.A. 12mo, 220 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.
K'Ung Fu Tze: A Dramatic Poem. By Paul Carus. 12mo, 72 pages. Open Court Publishing Co. 50 cts. net.
The King of the Jews: A Sacred Drama. From the Russian of "K. P.," The Grand Duke Constantine, by Victor E. Marsden, M.A. 12mo, 161 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1. net.
"We Are Seven": A Three-act Farce. By Eleanor Gates. 12mo, 166 pages. New York: The Arrow Publishing Co. 75 cts. net.
In the Midst of the Years. By John Wesley Conley. 12mo, 131 pages. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1. net.
The Scales of Justice, and Other Poems. By Tod Robbins. 12mo, 46 pages. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 50 cts. net.
Tides of Commerce: School and College Verse. By William Cary Sanger, Jr. 12mo, 108 pages. New York: The Country Life Press.

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